

# THE FIELD AFAR



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1921

THE FOREIGN MISSION SEMINARY OF AMERICA  
— MARYKNOLL —  
FRONT ENTRANCE AND WATER-TOWER

VOL. XV  
No. 10

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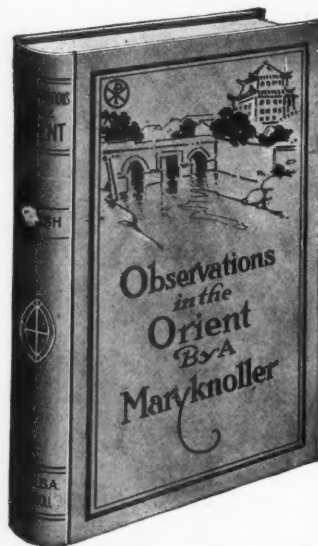
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This new book has one hundred and forty-eight pages of text and seventeen half-tone illustrations and is attractively bound in yellow cloth stamped in blue ink.

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*There is no essential difference between mission work at home and that abroad. Men are more or less the same wherever you find them, though, to be sure, education and environment exercise a great influence on their attitude towards the Gospel. Our efforts to bring about conversions in the home land are only a part of the Divine plan to gain all men to Christ. Pagans who have never had an opportunity to hear the word of God are surely not less worthy of our interest than those who once had the Faith and have rejected it.*

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### MARYKNOLL

is the popular name given to the *Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.* (This is the legal title.)

APPROVED—by the Council of Archbishops, at Washington, April 27, 1911.

AUTHORIZED—by Pope Pius X., at Rome, June 29, 1911.

OBJECT—to train priests for missions to the heathen, and to arouse Catholic Americans to a clearer appreciation of their duty towards this need.

OPENING—of Seminary for Philosophy and Theology, Ossining, N. Y., Sept. 18, 1912.

DECREE OF PRAISE—granted by Rome, July 15, 1913.

FIRST PREPARATORY COLLEGE—established near Scranton, Pa., Sept. 8, 1913.

OTHER BASES IN U. S.—San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, New York City.

ASSIGNMENT—to first field (Province of Kwangtung, China), April 25, 1918.

DEPARTURES OF MISSIONERS—four, Sept., 1918; three, Sept., 1919; six, Sept., 1920; twelve, Sept., 1921.

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The Superior of Maryknoll is on the high seas, crossing the great Pacific with some of his flock, to meet, in happy reunion, others who have been waiting anxiously to confer with him. He plans after leaving Hongkong to keep moving westward. On his way he will stop at Rome to visit the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, the directing power of Maryknoll, and to receive, after ten years, the blessing from the Father of Christendom. Pray for his safe return.

WE believe that no one who attended the Students' Convention at Dayton University, Ohio, left with any other impression than that strong impetus had been given to the mission movement in this country. That movement, begun gently in the eastern section of the United States less than twenty-five years ago, has swept westward, gathering great strength in the Middle West, and has already reached the Pacific Coast. It is the breathing of the spirit of God and will bring showers of grace to the Church in this country.

THE ways of the world are not God's ways, but, given God's grace and prayer, there is no reason why Catholics should not use the wisdom of the world in their work—in so far as it does not conflict with God's will. Organization, efficiency methods, advertising—all these help.

God rules and extends His Church through the instrumentality of men, and men should use their best wits to push His work.

Practical suggestion:—

Speak to someone today about Maryknoll and its work. Try it again tomorrow, and the day after, till it gets to be a habit.

WE are ten years old, as our readers well know by this time, and the growing pains are awful.

Our friends, especially the visitors, continue to praise us right to our face for what we have done,

but Maryknoll is so evidently the work of God that every Maryknoller is convinced he is a mere instrument, and a dull one at that, trying to do the part Providence has designed for him in a big work that is bound to go.

Were you able to spend a week at the Knoll—or even twenty-four hours—you would also say, "God's work—and these poor men are having a hard time to keep up with Him!" Pray that though we fall short of what He asks of us, we may never retard His world-wide work by the narrowness of self-love.

SCHOOL book advertisements have been falling on our desk as if we were the President of the Metropolitan School Committee. Geographies, arithmetics, and English readers predominate. As we look over the recommendations we ask ourselves when our parochial schools will take up the idea of embodying mission facts and fancies in their various text-books. Think of the interest that could be awakened in geography by a description of mission journeys over the two continents! Why cannot souls be substituted for dollars on some, at least, of the arithmetic pages? And why not introduce into the readers some sentences from famous missionaries or from notable utterances on the subject of missions?

COLLEGE halls again resound with the step and voice of students, and school periodicals will again regale their small circles of readers with the usual quantity and quality of literary "efforts." Essays, stories, poems, and jokes will build up lustrous local literary reputations, but after their school years will any of these college authors ever have anything "in print?"

It is unfortunate that so little of the promising talent displayed in our Catholic school-periodicals is used to add to current popular Catholic literature. Perhaps one

ADVERTISEMENTS PAY FOR MOST MAGAZINES—



Bless the Lord, all ye his angels; you that are mighty in strength and execute his word, harkening to the voice of his orders. Bless the Lord, all ye his hosts, you ministers that do his will.

(Psalm 102)



O God, who with wonderful order dost direct the ministry of angels and men, mercifully grant that our life on earth may be protected by those who minister before thee in heaven.

(Missal)

reason for this is that the subjects about which the undergraduate writes are of interest to few outside of his or her particular school. Perhaps new subjects are needed, subjects of interest to people in general. The growing demand for mission literature in all forms—editorials, descriptive articles, historical and biographical sketches, stories, hymns, and plays—presents a theme new and unhackneyed and of popular appeal.

What college students can do when their interest in missions is aroused has just been demonstrated by the Mission Crusade Convention of the summer.

TO those who are interested, sympathetically or unsympathetically, in Japanese affairs, the following sentences from an intelligent observer are worth noting:

An effort to prevent Japan from expanding so that she can have an outlet for her constantly increasing population will bring serious results.

The area of Japan is less than that of California, and only one-third of it is arable. Every foot of tillable soil in Japan is under cultivation. Japan has a population of approximately 70,000,000 which increases at the rate of more than 600,000 annually. No people in the world have a greater love for children than the Japanese, and so long as there is one living Japanese left to fight, the nation will never submit to any proposition which contemplates that these children will be denied the privilege of fulfilling their natural mission in life.

When in California recently we read an anti-Japanese editorial,

and one of the main charges against these people was that they are too prolific. No Catholic can stand for such an argument, and the question arises, "If Japan is too small for the Japanese, where on earth can they go?"

FROM a prominent Japanese comes the query: *Is it true that the anti-Japanese spirit in the United States is due largely to Catholic activity?*

The question gave us something of a shock as it did to every Catholic who has heard it. The expressions evoked were: *absurd—silly—how do they get that way?* etc.

And yet we have reason to believe that this charge has actually been made in high quarters against American Catholics.

We have our own opinion about the basis of the charge, but it is quite sufficient to state that, so far as the United States east of the Rockies is concerned, the charge is inconceivable.

As to the Pacific Coast, while we cannot speak for individuals who are known as Catholics and are, with many others of various beliefs and of no beliefs, unfavorable to the Japanese, we do know the attitude of the Church's spiritual rulers on the Coast. To a man their hearts are as Catholic as their Faith—which is world-wide.

But it is a pity that the Church, which, above all institutions in the world, opens to humanity the

world-wide Heart of Christ, should be singled out for such a charge. Misrepresentation will always be one of her trials. Time brings the truth.

DOWN the ages God has spoken to man with a wonderful simplicity, and He seems never to tire in expressing the same wish. He is patient with each generation, as though for the first time He had revealed Himself.

To Abraham He said: "Go forth out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and out of thy father's house, and come into the land which I shall show thee." (Gen. 12, 1.) And to Moses: "Come and I will send thee to Pharo that thou mayst bring forth My people out of Egypt." (Exod. 3, 10.) And by Isaias He cried: "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the wilderness the paths of our God!" (Isa. 40, 3.)

To His first disciples He said: "Follow Me," and to Matthew and Peter and James and John the same invitation: "Follow Me." And more urgent still to the multitude: "Come to Me. Take my yoke upon you." Then still more clearly after His resurrection: "As My Father hath sent Me, so I send you." Lest His words be still misunderstood His last command was: "Go ye into the whole world and preach the gospel to every living creature." And before His words were written down He spoke again to St. Paul and

WHY NOT FOR THE FIELD AFAR?

called him to Macedonia, and again to St. Peter to impress the world-wide mission in a dream that launched St. Peter's bark into the oceans of the world.

Surely our God is a patient God Who insisted and repeated, and yet again when necessary recalls, His eternal wishes to inattentive ears. His urgent prayer for the coming of His Kingdom, which echoes through both Old and New Testaments, must needs be gently pleaded over again to individuals when God would have us cooperate with Him.

Yet it should not be necessary for God to wait on our attention. A heart beating in unison with The Sacred Heart should sense God's call to every Christian to be up and doing for the spread of His Kingdom. He has told us He is a jealous God, and again that He "so loved the world."

Why do we hesitate? Has any other wish of God been expressed so clearly as His appeal for the missions? There is nothing more certain on earth than that God intends every one of us to be in some way or other a missionary. If every Catholic were to help convert but four pagans the world would be Christ's in our own generation. Is this a day dream? Surely it is easier now than when Our Lord first commanded, "Go ye into the whole world."

Missioners in China always begin and sometimes end their life-long preaching on the one text: "I am the Lord thy God, thou shalt not have strange gods before Me." They are talking to pagans or neophytes or new-born Christians, but God's first commandment was spoken for our ears as well and lays on each Christian's shoulders the sweet burden of converting souls. We are loving God with our whole mind and strength and heart only when we do our utmost to enlighten our brother—which is the second commandment and "like unto the first."

✱ ✱

### Friends in Deed.

MARYKNOLL'S friends are not exactly legion, but quite numerous, and among them are not a few whose exalted positions add strength to their own personal interest.

We need all kinds, but we are especially glad and proud to feel the warmth of the hierarchy—and we have felt it from those who, like the late beloved Cardinals of Baltimore and New York, have "gone home", to the most recently installed and consecrated.

As we write we recall kind words of encouragement given to our Superior by the newly-elected Archbishop of Baltimore—words that make us feel that we had—as we have—in His Grace a fellow-apostle. Nor do we forget certain occasions when out of his own gatherings Bishop Curley helped our young work.

Then shortly before our Superior left for Asia he received from the newly consecrated Bishop of Springfield a letter which



RIGHT REV. JOHN J. DUNN, AUXILIARY BISHOP OF NEW YORK.

THE FIELD AFAR PROVIDES A CLIENTELE

gave him marked satisfaction.

The occasion of this letter was the application of a seminarian who had been preparing for the Springfield diocese and had felt himself called to the foreign missions. We dared not ask Bishop O'Leary if we might publish this letter, but we hope that he will not be too hard on us if for the good of the Cause we take it upon ourselves to do so:

My dear Father Walsh:

The bearer of this note, Mr. —, has expressed the desire to consecrate his life to the holy, heroic work of the foreign field and to go to Maryknoll to prepare for his mission.

As it would appear that such is God's will, there is nothing for me to do but to encourage the young man and to give my consent. This I do most willingly and I now place him in your hands and hope he will be a valuable co-laborer in your grand, apostolic work and a credit to the diocese which is giving him to you.

Allow me to say, dear Father Walsh, that it gives me sincere pleasure to offer a young man from my diocese for your work. I consider it an earnest of God's blessing on me and my administration of the Springfield Diocese to begin my career here by giving one of my young men to Maryknoll.

Devotedly in Christ,

✠ Thomas M. O'Leary, D. D.,  
Bishop of Springfield.

It is such cooperation that makes success possible in our work. Without the American hierarchy we could not have begun this enterprise for souls, and without their assistance the work cannot attain its full development. Maryknoll has not yet secured the practical cooperation of every member of the American hierarchy. This is doubtless asking too much. But Maryknoll rejoices in the fact that the hierarchy as a body is back of it and proud of it. More than this, as we look over the list of a hundred archbishops and bishops, the names that spell "Father" and "friend" are gratifyingly numerous. We are deeply grateful to those who, engrossed as they are with many diocesan needs, lift their eyes from time to time and, seeing Maryknoll on the horizon, send a friendly salute.

## Ad Multos Annos!

THE Catholic Foreign Mission Society extends its hearty congratulations and the assurance of prayers from all our Maryknollers to the

*Most Rev. Michael J. Curley, D. D.*, appointed Archbishop of Baltimore, whose apostolic spirit has often edified and encouraged our workers—

*Rt. Rev. John J. Dunn, D. D.*, Maryknoll's "Uncle John," whose watchful eyes have rested kindly on this enterprise from its very beginning. Numberless have been the favors and ceaseless the personal interest of Bishop Dunn—

*Rt. Rev. Thomas M. O'Leary, D. D.*, newly-installed Bishop of Springfield, Mass., who, as pastor of Concord, N. H., welcomed the Maryknoll message and gave it in turn to his flock—

*Rt. Rev. George Caruana, D. D.*, a devoted friend from Hawthorne, N. Y., who has been assigned to the see of Porto Rico—

*Rt. Rev. August Gauthier, D. D.*, "big brother" and much loved companion to our pioneer missionaries in China.

We also take this occasion to offer our best wishes and prayers to the *Rt. Rev. Joseph Schrembs, D. D.*, recently installed as Bishop of Cleveland; to the newly appointed Bishop of Toledo, *Rt. Rev. S. A. Stritch*; and to *Msgr. M. J. Crane*, Auxiliary-Bishop of Philadelphia.

Suffrages for our beloved dead are in the essence of Catholic life, and the coming month of November has been set aside by our Holy Mother the Church to remind us of our duty, should it be necessary.

To you, our friends, we suggest the enrollment of your dead as Maryknollers in perpetuity; or, if you cannot afford the offering of fifty dollars, for even one year. Annual membership, for the living or the dead, is fifty cents.

## Here and There.

We have learned, with deep regret, of the death of Mother Mary Paul, an American missionary nun in Uganda. Mother Mary Paul is known to the earliest readers of THE FIELD AFAR. Her home was formerly in New York but for almost a score of years she has labored in the heart of Uganda, British Africa. May God have mercy on the soul of this valiant woman!

A committee of Chinese has arrived in this country to study harbor improvements. The head of the group is a graduate of Harvard College, 1917.

The Director of the Holy Childhood Association points out what can be done for missions by the children of America when only a small proportion of them contributed last year more than \$150,000.

The Swiss Seminary for Foreign Missions is the latest. It is the development of mission enterprise that has been carried on for several years at Immensee in Switzerland.

Boston friends of THE FIELD AFAR will be interested to know that Bishop O'Dea, the spiritual father of Maryknoll-in-Seattle, was born in Roxbury. Some of his Roxbury friends were near enough to congratulate him on the Silver Jubilee of his episcopal consecration.

Dr. Jacob Gould Schurman, United States Minister to China, as reported at San Francisco on the day of his sailing:

We are the best liked nation in China today because of our unselfishness, but if we forget that unselfishness we shall lose our position.

China is casting out the old educational systems and installing new ones, and in this and other forward movements she is being helped greatly by the five thousand Christian missionaries in the country. Applied sciences, technology and scientific agriculture are the three great educational subjects she needs most of all.

"How do you do it?" asked a publisher recently as he noted the price, "one dollar for twelve is-

OF NEARLY ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND SUBSCRIBERS.



sues," in THE FIELD AFAR. He held the paper at arm's length, brought it nearer, turned its thirty-two pages, felt the quality of the stock, remarked the excellent cuts, the get-up, the fine printing. "How do you do it?" he asked again, and we told him what we now tell you.

Our overhead is not so large as that of most magazines. There is not a salaried official or clerk connected with THE FIELD AFAR, otherwise we could not begin to keep its subscription rate what it is. THE FIELD AFAR often appeals to the charity of its readers, but it is itself the fruit of charity and self-sacrifice, and while not a few of our readers are our benefactors, all are beneficiaries.

The colored cover that appeared on THE FIELD AFAR last month brought a glad surprise to our thousands of readers. Yes, it was a very attractive cover, but after all it should be such—especially when it is question of commemorating Maryknoll's Tenth.

The fine traditions of Catholic art should be preserved—and in our own small way we will at least try to do our share—whether it is in the printed word or in material structure. And this is as you, our friends, would have it.

*Ten thousand dollars was the sum which we of Maryknoll had to supply last year to make up the nominal sum required for the board and tuition of forty College students who could pay little or nothing for themselves.*

*This year the College is most anxious not to subject Maryknoll to a similar drain and it asks for—*

***Forty Student Godfathers or Godmothers, who will pay for each "Godson" \$250—to cover the scholastic year.***

*This request is extended to individuals, or to parishes, societies, sodalities, and other Catholic organizations, religious or fraternal.*

### Carolina Pioneering

(By Fr. A. R. Freeman,  
Goldsboro, N. C.)

IN 1888 Father Price was placed in charge of St. Paul's Church, New Bern, N. C., and seventeen or more attached missions. Included in these towns was Goldsboro, where there was no church, but an excellent and valuable lot pur-



FR. PRICE IN HIS NORTH CAROLINA DAYS.

chased by his predecessor, Rev. J. J. Reilly. Father Price at once set about the difficult task of building a church.

In those days of intense prejudice against everything Catholic, and with only a handful of Catholics to assist him, Father Price inaugurated a fair. Father Price's personality soon won many friends to the cause so close to his heart, especially among the Jewish citizens of Goldsboro, who generously supported the fair. In fact the Jewish workers so outnumbered the Catholic laborers that a prominent Hebrew gentleman advanced the question: "Is this a Jew fair or a Catholic fair?" The enterprise netted the truly phenomenal

sum of \$1600. Friends in Philadelphia also came to Father Price's assistance, so that he was able to erect his first church, an attractive brick building, for years one of the few Catholic churches in North Carolina made of brick. At the time, Father Price was offered a marble altar for the Goldsboro church by a Northern lady on the condition that she be permitted to name the new church. Father Price announced that he could not allow anyone to name his first church, in order that he might show forth his great devotion to the Mother of God by calling it St. Mary's.

The hardships endured by Father Price on the pioneer missions of North Carolina are revealed by the following facts. For years he was wont to go by rail from Goldsboro to Mount Olive. There he was met by a zealous lay missionary, Mordecai Jones, a convert to the faith. Mordecai drove Father Price twenty-one miles to Newton Grove, where the two remained from Saturday until Wednesday. Then they traveled by buggy twenty-seven miles to the country church of The Good Shepherd. This church is located in the wilds of Duplin County. It was dedicated by Bishop Gibbons with Father Price acting as altar boy at the ceremony.

After a two days' stay at that rural church, Mordecai Jones's buggy carried Father Price forty miles' distance to Chinquapin, where a small Catholic settlement lived. At that point Father Price placed a lay teacher and built a small school building. He stayed with a poor family who occupied a two-room log house, the cracks between the logs being stopped up with mud. There Father Price slept on sheep skins as a substitute for a mattress. He celebrated Mass in the school.

Mordecai Jones, now living, relates that those long trips were made in mud and ice, and that at times both Father Price and he

THIS MAGAZINE IS READ THOROUGHLY

suffered intense pain from the cold weather of winter. On one occasion Father Price suggested the recitation of the rosary for the intention that they might escape freezing. From Chinquapin, Mordecai drove Father Price fifteen miles to a railroad station, while he traveled the long distance to his home near the Church of The Good Shepherd alone.

Later on Father Price purchased a horse which he left at Goldsboro and which he used in traveling the twenty-seven miles to Newton Grove. This horse bore the name of Nancy Hanks. It was a difficult matter to start Nancy, and at times equally hard to stop her. Father Price was accustomed to make purchases in Goldsboro for his Newton Grove parishioners, who lived eighteen miles from the nearest town, Newton Grove itself being not a town but a thickly settled country section. Once he left Goldsboro with a large cargo—coffee, sugar, calico, and a supply of church vestments. Father Price mounted the buggy and resorted to his usual feat of starting Nancy by having a bystander throw sand in her mouth. She started at a terrific pace and continued the entire journey with ugly vengeance. Finally, Father Price, the buggy, and Nancy Hanks reached Newton Grove. All else had been lost along the road,—a dozen bottles of altar wine, a cope and other vestments, not to mention the merchandise he had essayed to deliver.

Around the year 1910, a negro, Henry Spivy, was tried and convicted at Elizabethtown, Bladen County, N. C., on the charge of arson and murder. He was carried to the State prison of Raleigh for safe keeping pending his appeal to the Supreme Court. Visiting the prison, as was Father Price's custom, he met the condemned man. The higher court refused a new trial, and Spivy was carried back to his home county, accompanied by Father Price, who

stopped at Lumberton to interview the condemned man's lawyers in the hope of securing a short postponement of the hanging in order that he might give further religious instructions to the negro.

Father Price hired a horse and buggy and drove thirty miles to Elizabethtown in order to be with Spivy on the day appointed for the hanging. On the day originally appointed for the execution, thousands of people had assembled to witness this, the last public hanging in North Carolina. When the announcement was made of the postponement the people were in an ugly mood. Blame was charged to the Catholic priest present. Father Price appeared in the midst of the disappointed assemblage, confirmed the rumor that the hanging had been put off, and invited all to repair to the Court House to hear a talk given by a Catholic priest. People packed the courtroom, and his hearers expressed their admiration for the missionary and the impression made on them by his talk. After the labors of the day Father Price drove back the thirty miles to Lumberton.

A week later Father Price again made the difficult trip in order to be with Spivy at the end. On the night before the execution Father Price requested that he be locked in the cell with the prisoner. This was done. It was noted by the jailers that while the negro spent his last night on earth in sound sleep, the other occupant of the cell passed the long hours in prayer. The next morning Father Price used a box as an altar, celebrated Mass, and gave Spivy Holy Communion. Spivy's was the last public legal hanging in North Carolina.

Twenty rooms in the new Seminary have been taken or reserved, at five hundred dollars each. These are student rooms, eighty of which are now in process of construction. Into the door of each will be inserted a panel with the memorial inscription agreed upon between the donors and the Seminary officials.

### Maryknoll-in-New York.

NO, we have said little about it, but it has already proved useful.

"Where is it, and how do you get to the place?" writes a Brooklyn priest.

*Where?*

East 57th St. South side of street. Three doors from 1st Ave.

*How?*

Take any subway to 59th St. and walk over, unless you wish to use a surface car.

*What have you at the New York Maryknoll?*—A reception room, an office for the Maryknoll Medical Bureau, accommodation for Maryknoll priests and brothers who are obliged to remain over night in the metropolis, also accommodation for a few Asiatic Catholic students following courses in New York.

Maryknoll-in-New York is becoming more useful daily. A Maryknoller—either a priest or a brother—is always on hand to receive messages or supplies. Articles secured in the city for Maryknoll are gathered at the Procure and later transported to Ossining, usually by our own bus. Merchandise destined for the Coast or for the missions is now dispatched from the metropolis.

The procurator of the Seminary finds "four hundred and ten" a very useful base for his foraging expeditions. He can sit and telephone for lowest prices on all kinds of commodities, and he will find no long-distance charges accumulated at the end of the month. On several occasions before his departure for Asia our Superior spent the night at "four hundred and ten" so as to have an early start the next day for business, pressing and varied.

### MARYKNOLL AT TEN

By

Rev. William Stephens Kress  
Priest of Maryknoll

Edition limited. Price, twenty cents, postpaid. Special rates for quantities.  
Address The Field Afar Office, Maryknoll

BY HALF A MILLION INTELLIGENT CATHOLICS.

During the summer Francis Tsu made "four hundred and ten" his home for six weeks while he followed a special chemistry course in New York—and even now John Chang of Korea, an exemplary Catholic young man, is serving Maryknoll at New York while following courses for his degree at Manhattan College.

Then there is the Medical Bureau—but that will be a long story, at least it promises to be such. Suffice it to say, then, that Maryknoll-in-New York is functioning well—as the world expresses it today. And if you are so disposed, you may take a look in and see for yourself. Only please don't look for an invitation to meals, as that part of our organization will never be developed in New York as at the Knoll. Incidentally there is no back alley at 57th—but the telephone is more reliable than that at Maryknoll itself. The number is *Plaza 0247*.

#### A WORD FROM YEUNGKONG.

We paid the Protestant doctor to treat a number of cases. He ordered more rice for one of our orphan Annies who cries and cries with pain; lanced an abscess for one of our boys whose face is swollen to twice its size; and gave drops to a poor Christian who was hit in the right eye and has not seen out of it for a month. The Protestants get reduced rates, but we have to pay in full, and the charges are not low in view of wages. There are two clinic days when eight cents is the fee, and even that is high for the unskilled laborer's ten to twenty cents daily. And this charge is not contingent, like the native "medicine-man's," upon a cure. We dream of a Catholic hospital and a Catholic doctor some day in this section, and then Protestant tracts or pictures won't be offered to our sick who need expert attention.

*Peter Chanel—His life will make interesting reading at the refectory table or in the home circle.*

*Blessed Chanel was martyred on the Island of Futuna, in Oceania, and he is one of the nineteenth-century martyrs.*

*The story of his life—a book of 210 pp. of text with 16 illustrations—sells for \$1.00 postpaid.*

### The Siege of Kochow.

*Dailies all over the United States announced the recent experience of our missionaries at Kochow. A report written immediately after the event, and mailed in duplicate to the Superior of the mission and the Superior of Maryknoll, will interest our readers:*



FR. O'SHEA WITH HIS MISSIONER-NEIGHBORS, FRs. GENTY AND VIRCONDOLET.

#### DEAR FATHER:

It's a great life if you don't weaken!

That is merely by way of making a start—we aren't beginning to weaken yet, so far as we can see. But we've had a lively time here—sort of a "hot time in the old town" of Kochow, and for the second time in half a year.

At present, thank God, we're all alive and well, which is far more than could be expected of any individuals going through what three of us have experienced in the past few days. At present, also, we are hosts, much to our disgust, of the Military Mandarin of Kochow, and about thirty of his staff and other hangers-on. At the same time, two other military Mandarins of even rank. Generals Wong and So, are also staying in town, where they are making use of the former headquarters of General Foo, now with us.

In other words Kochow has again been captured, and even more skillfully looted than it was in December. And, what is more to us, we also were "taxed" by the new arrivals—to the tune of my fine white horse and all the belongings of the catechists here gath-

ered for retreat. However, we are doing business as usual, and Father Meyer has just finished the sermon on the "Last Things" with an unusually impressed audience. But cheer up, say we, for the worst is yet to come, and we know not when nor how.

We got back from the Wuchow meeting in good time, but found that

the Kwangsi raiders weren't far behind us. Saturday, we heard that Gen. Foo had returned to the town, having traveled all night with three companies of soldiers, leaving the biggest portion of his force near Lungwoh with other portions scattered over the Kwangsi border. He naturally had not expected an attack from the South, as Fachow was protected by Gen. Chung, but the latter's men mutinied. Foo wanted to pack up his stuff and leave immediately, but the gentry begged him to stay in the hopes that his own men and those of the Sunyi general would come to his assistance before the Kwangsi soldiers got here.

He stayed—and lost, for Sunday morning the Kwangsites attacked in such force as to cut off the two companies he had across the river, and then surrounded the town where only a hundred-odd soldiers were guarding the wall. The Kwangsites were attacking fearlessly, and at noon Foo came to the conclusion that surrender was inevitable. He sent a messenger asking me to go and see him at the Yamen, and Fr. Meyer and I went immediately. Two 4-in. shells burst near

SEND FOR A MARYKNOLL STONE CARD.



by and the rifle-fire was brisk.

Gen. Foo and his staff admitted they were helpless, and asked us to save unnecessary loss of life and property by going out to see the Kwangsi general and obtain terms. We returned to the mission where we ate lunch while a flag of truce was made up. At about one o'clock, Fr. Meyer and I, with Catechist Yip and two aides of Gen. Foo, went to the city wall where we tried to get into communication with the Kwangsi soldiers who were sniping from the adjoining houses. Finding this impossible, we went to a more quiet portion of the wall, where Fr. Meyer descended by making a flying leap for some poles stacked in a nearby lumber yard. Waving a small American flag, he made his way to where the snipers could see him—heroism which the cowardly action of those inside the walls made stand out the more clearly—and was finally passed along to the Kwangsi forces, who received him in a business-like manner. The Kwangsi general said he had already sent in his own officers, and that the terms were immediate evacuation through the North Gate, with their arms and accoutrement, and notice to the relief force coming down from Sunyi to immediately turn back. He said that the two forces were on a raid and that they would stay in Kochow only a day or two.

In the meantime, I had obtained a truce at our end of the wall, where the soldiers immediately began to establish friendly relations—those outside throwing up cakes they had looted to the men on the walls. However, it was plain that they were impatient to get in, and it was difficult to restrain them from battering the gates. At about three o'clock Fr. Meyer returned and firing was stopped on all sides. Returning to the compound, he sent Yip to Gen. Foo with a letter given him by General So, and with a verbal report. Although the Kwangsi men had not told Fr. Meyer, they had set four o'clock for the end of the armistice.

When Yip arrived at Foo's Yamen he found him in consultation with two of the Kwangsi officers. At the end of an hour—already beyond four o'clock—Yip returned with the statement that

Foo had decided to remain in the hope that he could "stall for time" until relief came from Sunyi. I was rather surprised to hear this; first, because it seemed to be putting us in a false light with the Kwangsi general, and because Foo had been so obviously desperate in his interview at noon. However, we said that, having done our part in good faith, we would wash our hands of the whole matter.

During all this time refugees had been coming into the compound with their valuables, and we had been refusing a great number of them, because they were military officers. Finally we got the outer gate locked, with a lot of military baggage on the outside. On Yip's return a great number forced their way through with him. Among the things brought in were eight loads of Gen. Foo's personal stuff, accompanied by as many soldiers. Our protest was physical as well as verbal, one of the Fathers skinning his knuckles very badly in an attempt to keep the compound inviolate.

Just while this local excitement was at its highest, two shells struck the town and firing began on all sides. One of the shells struck the Yamen and the other just missed it, with the result that the Kwangtung headquarters became panic-stricken, the soldiers carrying Gen. Foo and his staff with them in their wild flight. Where the treasures were, so were their hearts, and

Don't forget the future native priests needed to complete our Maryknollers' work. The boys are ready, but this generation at least must depend upon us for their education.

A hundred dollars pays tuition, board, and lodging for a Chinese aspirant to the priesthood for one year.

they ran wildly to the mission-compound. Here we had the gate open, trying to push out the objectionable baggage, and of course the soldiers made short work of coming in. Gen. Foo tried to keep some out, but it was in vain, and I told him to let them come—that I could not let in half of the company and keep the others out to be massacred. At the same time I upbraided him and made him surrender his side-arms to me.

All this time the firing was coming closer, and as I closed the gate after the last of the Kwangtung men, the bullets were whistling past. Running into the inner courtyard, I forced the soldiers into a roped enclosure and told their officers to disarm them. This they did all the more rapidly as shots were already striking within the compound. We had all the guns and ammunition within five minutes, but quick as we were the Kwangsites were even quicker.

Having shattered the East Gate of Kochow with a shell, they poured into the town and made for the Yamen. They were shooting as they came, evi-



CHINESE COOLIES CARRYING WITH EASE THEIR DELICATELY-BALANCED BURDENS.

SEND FOR A VENARD BRICK CARD.

dently fearing an ambush, and it was rather squeamish work to hold them up at the mission gate. However, they were made to understand that the crowd within had surrendered unconditionally, and they were coming in peaceably to take the guns when another party came in over the rear wall from the Civil Mandarin's Yamen. Fr. Wiseman got these to stop firing—but that was about all. Just when the firing stopped and the looting began it is hard to say; but inside of twenty minutes the compound was a wreck.

All of the captive soldiers were stripped clean and their officers lost even their clothes. The soldiers' baggage that had cost us much trouble during the afternoon was quickly distributed. We had been having a retreat here for the catechists, and both they and our "boys" were stripped clean. Yip, our head catechist, had sent his family home by raft the previous morning; but he had kept all his valuables in his room, so that he claimed to have lost a thousand dollars' worth. Altogether we have put in a claim for about two thousand dollars. The Fathers were more fortunate, although one soldier tried to search Fr. Wiseman. My white horse was taken, as were also the clothes being laundered. But no serious attempt was made to break into our own house.

Fr. Meyer, being our language expert, had gone out again in search of a responsible officer, while Fr. Wiseman and I took our stand in front of our locked door, behind which the women catechists were huddled. It was an exciting evening, but Fr. Meyer returned about ten o'clock with a responsible officer and the worst was over. We then insisted on the evacuation of both Kwangsites and their prisoners, and this was gradually accomplished, only officers being permitted to remain. At eleven-thirty we entered the house and were glad of the opportunity of eating supper.

It was certainly due to God's Providence that the loss of life was so slight. Fr. Meyer, to whom most of the credit must belong, under God, for the prevention of bloodshed, saw only half a dozen dead men; and the later reports were that the victory was almost a bloodless one. Our action in disarming

the Kwangtung men on their arrival in our compound certainly saved their lives, for the Kwangsites were savage at what they termed the treachery of Gen. Foo in trying to hold out after he had sent us out to arrange for the surrender. Had they found him they surely would have shot him down, but luckily we were able to say that he was not in our house.

Monday morning the Kwangsi generals arrived in town, the danger of disorder was temporarily over, and, in fact, one man was shot for looting. Fr. Meyer went to the nearest general and demanded an apology for entering our compound as well as reparation for the damages. At first an excuse was made on the ground that we had admitted the Kwangtung soldiers to our compound, but as it was only too obvious that our guests were uninvited the general made the usual promises. Later on Frs. Meyer and O'Shea escorted Gen. Foo to the headquarters of Gen. Wong, where he was received with cordiality and respect, all three generals being Hupeh men and having been fellow-mercenaries in the past.

Tuesday our retreat was resumed, although we still had about thirty captives in our compound and soldiers were coming back and forth from the various Yamens. At my request the captives all got busy at cleaning up the wreckage, and at noon we began to look once more like a peaceable station of Holy Mother the Church, instead of a military headquarters—and a van-

### FOR THE FAITH

The Story of  
JUST DE BRETENIERES  
of the Paris Seminary  
MARTYRED IN KOREA IN 1866

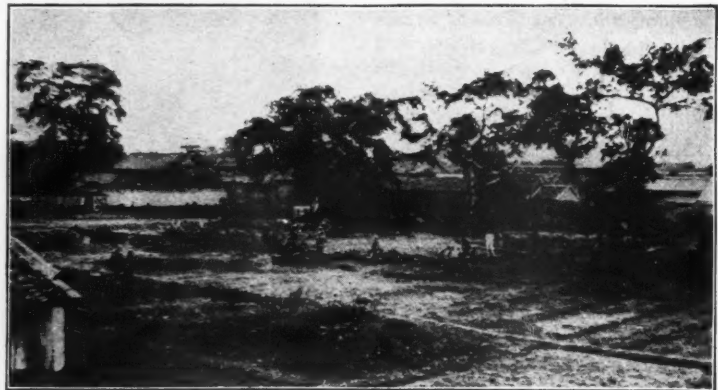
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quished headquarters, at that. In the meantime the desultory firing on the outside of the town, the counter attack of those Kwangtung troops who had been too late to relieve the town, slackened up and finally ceased.

With the end of the actual fighting Chinese diplomacy was getting busy, and the victorious generals were making an effort to get Gen. Foo to join them. As a general he had been uniformly successful until now, and this failure now is considered accidental and due to the inability of the general in Fanchow to take care of his own territory, thus exposing Kochow after the latter's troops had gone off on an offensive. At present, it is probable Gen. Foo will receive back his guns and join forces with his erstwhile enemies and old-time cronies; and it is even more probable that each will become Kwangtung or Kwangsi patriots, depending upon which Province ultimately becomes victor in the present quarrel.

Tuesday afternoon, Gen. Wong sent his card and asked me to come and identify my horse. At first, the animal could not be found, but in the afternoon we brought him safely back.



A DESIRED ADDITION TO THE KOCHOW MISSION COMPOUND.

SEND FOR MARYKNOLL - AT - TEN TO - DAY -

During the looting, I forgot to say previously, the soldiers broke into the sacristy and scattered the sacred vestments all over the place. However, they do not seem to have taken anything, but dirty footprints will always leave their traces on the albs and chalice veils. The altar cards were broken, but when the Kwangsi soldiers had come in we had consumed the Blessed Sacrament, realizing that disorder was certain to follow.

It is now Wednesday, and Maryknoll's Foundation Day. We were able to get hold of a chicken for dinner, but under the circumstances didn't feel able to answer to any toasts, except that the Eleventh will find us even more happy and chipper than does the Tenth. The news that Fachow had been captured by the Kwangtung troops broke in upon our reminiscences of other and more peaceful Foundation Days, with the thought that we'll probably have another siege in a day or two when the now-triumphant Kwangsites will be surrounded by the Kwangtung armies that must already be moving in this direction. A semi-annual siege seems to be our record thus far, and we'd hate to have these celebrations become a weekly affair.

As you can imagine, I am in no mood for writing. I started this letter yesterday and am only finishing it now. Consequently in order to let myself off easy in my correspondence, I'm going to send a carbon copy of this letter—as is—to our home upon the Hudson.

Hoping that this finds you feeling more like yourself, and that all is OK at the other missions, I remain,

Fraternally in Christ,

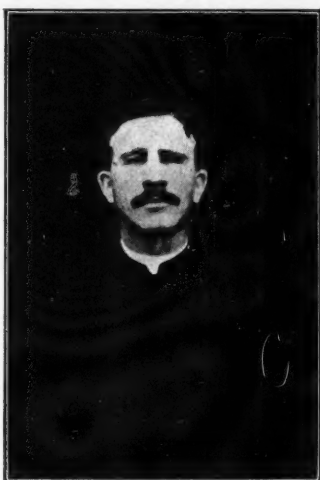
June 29, 1921.

Wm. F. O'Shea.

*The part played by Maryknoll Missioners in the "siege of Kowchow" had its serious side and discloses the weak condition of China at the present time. It also indicates the difficulties and dangers experienced by our young American priests whose spirit may be judged from the following lines written by Fr. Meyer after he had managed to get "through the lines and home:"*

Fr. O'Shea has already given you the

essential details of our connection with events. We are not looking for pity—it is all a part of the day's work—but neither are these things exactly a joke. There is no intelligence service to speak



FR. MEYER—HERO OF THE SIEGE OF KOCHOW.

of and leaders did most unaccountable and foolish things. If they were armed with wooden muskets and popguns one would not mind, but, while everyone seems very much afraid for his own skin, so much so that comparatively few soldiers are trustworthy, they are not so regardful of others. The comparatively small number of casualties is due, not to the dislike on their part of taking life, but to the fear of losing their own rifles. Mausers and four-inch field guns are not exactly playthings, and when cornered or momentarily fired with hatred or lust of looting, they make some of these diminutive battles sanguinary enough to suit anybody.

Most of the soldiers are of the "turn soldier, turn robber" sort, and no general can be sure from one day to another that one or more of his colonels will not go over to the enemy, taking their regiments with them. Foreigners are comparatively safe, yet there is always the possibility that this lack of discipline and responsibility may lead to grave consequences.

**The Field Afar for 6 years—\$5.00**

## The Wuchow Siege.

AT Canton Dr. Sun Yat Sen was inaugurated as the new and, according to his party, only valid President of China. If he shows himself more public-spirited than his predecessors and contemporaries, we will gladly give him our personal recognition, whether he cares for it or not. By the way, one of the most noticeable contrasts between the U. S. and China is the entire absence here of anything like a civic sense. One does not notice the slightest glimmer of it among the populace.

Rumors of war continued, but nothing of actual importance took place for some time. The new Government at Canton was evidently hard pressed for funds and resorted to many ingenious devices to get them. Kwangsi sided with the Pekingese Government, not because it loves Peking more, but Canton less, and because peace is abnormal and nerve-racking. So far as I have been able to observe, war is the only national sport of this country, much as baseball in America.

The American gunboat, the "Pam-panga," came into port and some of the crew paid a welcome visit. Uncle Sam's boys will remain here awhile to see that his citizens at the Baptist and Catholic Missions, and at the Standard Oil, are not molested.

On June 20 THE FUN BEGAN! It was the beginning of the memorable siege of Wuchow. We knew from reports that fighting was going on down the river, but did not expect local action so soon. My, but China is fast modernizing! Please throw overboard your notions of a primitive civilization, etc., over here. An airplane—the first that has favored Wuchow—flew over the town and dropped a couple of bombs, causing much consternation and a little damage. Most of the shops shut their doors, and people ran in all directions. One of the bombs dropped about two blocks from here into a shop which was fortunately empty at the time. The river, a mile below here, was said to be mined; and machine guns are common on both sides. The World-War has evidently taught more lessons than one.

Two days later we heard the booming of guns down the river. We lunched

Y O U W I L L L I K E T O R E A D I T .



on board the "Pampanga" by invitation and did it in sailor-fashion. There was no particular news, save a rumor that Kwangsi was getting the worst of it in the battle going on.



AMONG THE RUINS.

The next morning we witnessed a general exodus from the town. The houses and shops were closed, and the frightened people were making for the other side of the river and for towns farther up. In the afternoon the airplane came again and accentuated the general panic by dropping some more bombs. 'Twas a most unwelcome visitor and gave one a creepy feeling. It also dropped some circulars saying that the people in the town would not be molested, and inviting the Kwangsi soldiers to come over to the Kwangtung side with their arms, promising them an extra month's pay in the balance. We had many demands made on us to take people in, and we gladly admitted into our little compound whoever wanted to come. The place was crowded with men, women, children, chickens, dogs, baggage, boxes, and household furniture, and we had indeed as much privacy as gold-fish. Our place is right in the heart of the Chinese city, far from all foreigners, and only a stone's throw from Lukwingting's yamen, which the airplane was trying

Keep our outgoing missionaries in your prayers.

to hit, and which the Cantonese troops would probably go for the first thing.

Frs. Walsh and Dietz went to the Customs, looking for news. The place was a sight. They had given refuge to hundreds of Chinese who were encamped in the basements, on the porches, and over the spacious lawns. The foreigners were playing tennis as usual, and regarded the whole affair much as a joke. It was a joke for them—all in one place and with an American gunboat moored close by and two British gunboats expected shortly; but not for the poor Chinese with vivid recollections of ruthless murder and rapine. They know their soldiery, and have this proverb about them:

*Good steel's not used for nails and trifles,  
And good men do not shoulder rifles.*

At the Club we met Lieut. Marsh of the "Pampanga." He said that in case of serious trouble all foreigners should assemble in the Standard Oil compound, where he would protect them. On the way home we met one of his men who had been to our place to inform us about arrangements. At home we found more neighbors pressing in to know if we would protect them, to which we assented. Their constant question was: "Fear? Not fear?", that is, "Is there reason to fear?" To which we answered, "Not fear," though we were not so sure about it. The town was wrapped in deep stillness for once—but around the mission there was more talking and crying of babies than e'er before.

Next day rumors were rife. The Cantonese were expected in at 8 a. m., then at 12, then at 3 p. m. and finally "not 'till to-morrow." The airplane came again, dropping a bomb a few blocks away, wounding two people. One of our parishioners, a foreigner, dropped in, all excited; told us not to get excited (!) but believed we were going to see some big doings. Also lent us a big Colt 45, which we were glad to get, for we had no gun in the place. The only use it would serve would be to frighten away effectively any scattering of looting soldiers whom our bare faces and the "Flower-flag" at the door might not inspire with sufficient awe. Mr. Van der Werken of

#### MARYKNOLL-IN-CHINA NEEDS

- \$10,000** for a complete establishment.
- \$5,000** for land to serve as a center.
- \$4,000** for a catechist bursar.
- \$1,500** for a native-student bursar.
- \$1,500** for a small dispensary.
- \$1,000** for schools (boys' or girls').
- \$1,000** for a priests' house.
- \$1,000** for a chapel in good brick.
- \$500** for a chapel in mud-brick.
- \$500** for outfit and travel expenses of a priest to Asia.
- \$500** for outfit and travel expenses of a sister to Asia.
- \$300** for the personal support of one missionary for a year.
- \$200** for the yearly travel expenses of one missionary.
- \$180** for the year's support of a catechist.
- \$100** for the year's support of a native student.
- \$15** for month's support of a catechist.
- \$1** for a day's support of a missionary.

Gifts for our missionaries may be sent to The Mission Dept., Maryknoll, Ossining, N. Y.

The Standard Oil dropped in to see us and invited us to their house in case of trouble. It was a kind offer, but for the people's sake we decided to remain here.

It's an ill wind that blows no good. With so many people so close to a chapel and a priest, what more natural



WUCHOW NEIGHBORS.

MAKE KNOWN TO OUR ADVERTISERS

than to invite them to a talk? So Fr. Walsh did it, explaining to them our reason for being here, removing a few false notions, and instilling some fundamental religion. The language teacher followed with another little advisory talk, and, at their request, presented them with catechisms. One can never tell if anything will come from such propaganda, but it can hardly do any harm; and as it was the first time we were able to get a crowd in Wuchow to listen to us, the opportunity was not to be passed over. Several of the people were afterwards busy perusing the little book, which unfortunately many, especially women, cannot read. But the "Prof." and all the "boys" were zealous in giving information at each opportunity about the "Doctrine of the Lord of Heaven."

We went to the Club for more news, through streets almost deserted. A committee of Wuchow business men had gone down the river to ask the Cantonese to take peaceable possession of the town, since the local military officials apparently absconded. The "Tarantula"—a big British gunboat—hove in bringing the British Consul from Canton. More people came to the Mission, and the dining room as well as porches, back yard, and attic, were turned into dormitories where the people slept on bamboo or straw mats scattered over the floor.

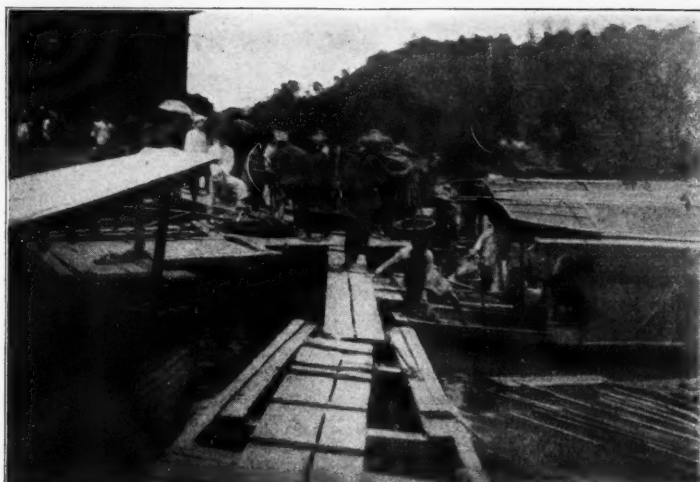
A letter from the British Consul late at night said that after consultation with the Chinese authorities he could not promise much, or guarantee absolute safety. He could not say when hostilities would cease, and invited all foreign ladies to leave for Samshui and Hongkong on the "Tarantula."

June 25—Consumed the Blessed Sacrament so as to have the chapel-space to quarter refugees. At breakfast Mr. Poole, an English missionary of the Alliance Missions, called and invited us to Rev. Mr. Jaffrey's compound in case of trouble, which he expected shortly, for, as he said, the Kwangsi troops were preparing for a resistance to the invaders, and the Canton gunboats—nearly a dozen—would probably bombard the town. This sounded more serious, for in that case we could not protect the people at all. So we sallied forth to the Customs for further con-

fimation of this news. Fr. D. met the Commissioner, and at his request accompanied the Consul to the American gunboat, whence, with Lieut. Marsh and others, they proceeded to shore to protest against an eleventh-hour machine-gun emplacement shrewdly erected near the Customs buildings, and on which the Cantonese would not dare to return fire without getting into serious trouble with the foreign gunboats. Fr. D. left them before they began their

rumors from the twenty-odd guests, and returned no wiser than before.

The sudden determination on the part of Kwangsi to defend Wuchow, after all the military had apparently scooted, calls for an explanation. It is said that as the chief Kwangsi commander was fleeing up the river he met two Kwangsi gunboats, loaded with ammunition, coming to the rescue. So he turned about and came back. This displeased everyone in town, for resistance meant



WUCHOWITES FLEEING THE RAIDERS.

parley, in which he was not particularly interested, and returned to the Mission knowing less than ever.

In fact no one in the port seemed to have any definite information, not even the Consul. Mr. Huguenin, our parishioner, was here to dinner and at about 1 o'clock his wife came to tell us that Kwangsi had left and that the Cantonese gunboats were actually coming up the river to take possession. The whole place breathed a united sigh of relief, for we had the assurance—not entirely reliable, of course—that the Cantonese would take quiet possession and indulge in no looting, if not resisted. But the rumor was too good to be true; so Fr. W. accompanied our kind messenger back to the Customs, where he found the same state of excitement as before and no Cantonese gunboats in sight. He had tea—the usual Saturday afternoon affair—at the Commissioner's, heard many conflicting

battle and destruction. We all preferred to have Kwangsi forces acknowledge their defeat and retire quietly, leaving the city to the Cantonese.

The next day—Sunday—at about 3 a. m., rifles cracked intermittently in the streets, and suddenly the electric lights went off, causing a general hubbub at the Mission while oil-lamps were procured. We arose sleepily, ready with our Colt 45 for any emergency that might occur; but gradually the disturbance died down and we returned to our slumbers. Mr. de Sousa, our only parishioner at Mass that morning, informed us that he had to climb over the barricade at the "Little South Gate" to get here. There were six dead soldiers in sight. But the skirmish had been due to a mistake—the defenders of the town having mis-

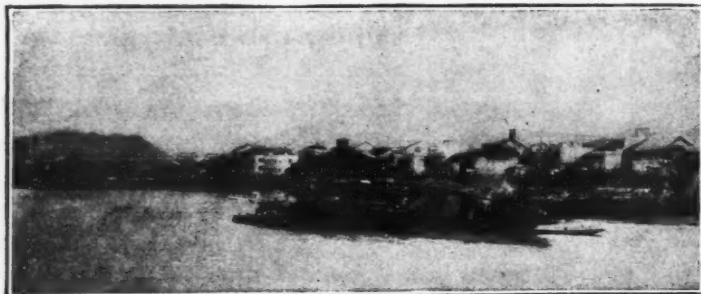
**Give us schools and the schools will gain souls.**

YOUR OWN INTEREST IN THEIR PATRONAGE.

taken re-inforcements for enemies.

We learned that a proposal of the British Consul to give the Kwangsi forces twenty-four hours to retire was met with a negative reply from the Cantonese, who said this would allow the former to mass somewhere for a stiff battle. The Cantonese land forces were closing in on the town from both

it was not all a dream, and then hastened back to the Mission to break the welcome news. It seems that Mr. Sly, the British Consul, possibly by waving the big stick, got the Kwangsi men to agree to leave without firing a shot, the only condition on which the Cantonese promised to take peaceable possession. It all seems like a joke now, but we can



THE WUCHOW WATER-FRONT.

sides, and their gunboats were simply waiting till they should be ready before coming up. We passed an anxious forenoon, for serious trouble seemed imminent; an impression that was only strengthened by the fact that when Fr. D. tried to go to the foreign settlement in the afternoon he found all the gates of the town barred or barricaded, and a guard of soldiers at each. He succeeded in having one of the gates opened to let him through, and so continued on to reconnoitre. Meanwhile the airplane came over again, dropping three bombs, one of them falling into the garden of the Standard Oil's Chinese Agent's house, injuring one man, demolishing an ornamental fence, and smashing most of the windows. This was only a block from the mission.

The "Pampanga," with the British Consul and others on board, went down stream to parley; and shortly after, to the accompaniment of fire-crackers and other signs of joy from the besieged, the whole string of Cantonese gunboats glided silently into port. Some of them, indeed, did not look formidable—in case of trouble one shell from the foreign ships would have sent them to the bottom. Yet a few of them were "right classy," as a Baltimorean would say. Fr. D. made sure

thank him for averting what might have been a serious business.

The Cantonese General, Chan Kwing Ming, had a proclamation posted everywhere through the town assuring the people of protection and requesting the immediate restoration of business and normal life. The effect was immediate. The streets filled with people, bearing back their belongings to their deserted homes; the shops threw open their doors; and a continuation of fire-crackers gave vent to their satisfaction. It must seem strange to foreigners to see an enemy so warmly welcomed, not only by the many Cantonese who are engaged in business here, but by the Kwangsi inhabitants. The fact is, these wars are personal quarrels among the military, and the people as a whole are not interested. There is no room for patriotism or local feeling in most cases. And men fight on one side or the other according to inducements. For instance, the Kwangsi General, who came to reinforce the city and caused the skirmish early in the morning, has with his entire forces gone over to the Cantonese side; yet no one thinks of him as a traitor.

Our refugees prepared to return home, so we gave them another little talk, urging them to come around when

#### THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR.

Thirty thousand copies spreading monthly over the United States might appeal to some people, but we wish to make it a hundred thousand before our Superior returns to the Knoll—and he does not wish to be kept back in order to allow us to reach that mark.

The Maryknoll Junior is really a "fine little paper" and even now larger than *THE FIELD AFAR* was when it first started. It has twenty pages and appears every month of the school year. Everything in it is fresh and it makes a strong appeal to young people of either sex. Send for a sample copy. Make room for

#### THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR.

occasion offered, and to look seriously into the matter of joining the Church. Two women and one man announced their desire to become Christians. Besides, these troublous times have produced a renewal of fervor in a Chinese Catholic family of the town of whose existence we were previously ignorant. Thus God draws good out of the evil He permits.

Many of the people who returned to their homes came back later to the Mission, especially the women. The town was swarming with soldiers with and without uniforms; and when it comes to taking chances many people are rig-orists and believe in the "pars tutior," for the Chinese are accustomed to look back and recall what *has* happened under similar circumstances. Two soldiers stepped into our compound in the afternoon, with what intention we cannot just say, but when they saw they were in a foreign establishment, they turned and walked right out again. About fifty of our refugees were still with us, taking no chances.

In search of further information, we spoke with the foreign crews of several Hongkong boats shortly come to port. While there the airplane—which is a seaplane—came along and made a perfect "landing," to the great delight of everyone. This is the first airplane that has ever appeared in Wuchow.

June 29—MARYKNOLL'S FOUNDATION DAY—carried our thoughts

WE WILL NOT TAKE ALL KINDS —



over the seas to Ossining and kept them there. We spent the day restfully, giving our nerves a chance to quiet down.

About 10 a. m. the professor brought the disquieting news that soldiers were looting a house a few doors away from ours; and the people looked on, frightened and submissive. At the report that they were going to set fire to it, Fr. Walsh went and protested, and they desisted from this latter intention, much to the disgust of one individual who was soaking the place in kerosene. But such looting is not dangerous nor really objectionable, being part of a thoroughly systematic plan to punish Kwangsi militarists for the havoc they wrought in Kwangtung last year. It is only the houses of these people that are being looted, and it is being done quietly.

One of our parishioners visited, telling us among other things that a certain property not far from town, which for a time we considered buying, had been sacked and burned. It belonged to one of the departed militarists. Another piece of interesting news, which illustrates the business genius of the Chinese, concerned the secretary—a Chinese secretary of the British Consulate. Profiting by the mortal fear of wealthy business-men, he offered them refuge in the rooms and on the grounds of the Consulate at so much per, or wrote them out permissions to fly the British flag over their establishments against a weighty consideration of silver. The Consul discovered these compromising transactions in time, and beat the man out of his house, holding on to the strong-box which the ingenious gentleman had addressed to the Consulate-General in Canton so that it would have no difficulty in passing the Customs. The poor fellow lost a fortune!

Mr. Van der Werken of the Standard Oil went to Pingnam, one day's voyage up the river, to bring several lady-missioners of that port to safety.

Everything continues quiet. And, furthermore, we have the assurance of the British Consul that in case any looting, etc., begins on a great scale, he will immediately interfere, on the ground that it would get out of hand and extend to foreign property as well, as happened at Ichang, near Hankow, a few weeks ago.

By June 30 things had almost resumed their normal state, except that we still had a few people quartered with us.

Glancing over the events and dangers of those ten days, we feel at the Mission that there are several things we have much reason to be thankful for; chiefly two:

1—God's Providence permitted no harm to come to us and the hundred and odd souls entrusted temporarily to our care.

2—The ICE HAS BEEN BROKEN at Wuchow. Although not more than half a dozen have shown what might be called an efficacious interest in the Faith, yet all our neighbors have become our friends. We have sown the seed and watered it; it requires time to sprout and grow; and in His own good time God will see to the increase.

**You can help us to train a priest for the Apostolate. See p. 304.**

## Hongkong Echoes.

ON the steamer to Pakhai, pirates tried to stop us by a clever ruse. They had a boat afire and expected the steamer to come to the rescue. The captain was on to the trick of the piracy trade, however.

Left Fr. Ford's baggage in a store with a Catholic Chinese. Was introduced to Mr. Winter, an American, Manager of the Standard Oil, and had lunch with him at his home.

Pirates tried another trick to stop our boat on the way back; they sank an old junk, to avoid which our captain ran our stern into the river bank. The ship's guns were ordered out, and I spent a few anxious moments.

Met two Americans, one from Worcester and the other from New York.



ON SHIPBOARD IN HONGKONG HARBOR.

Fr. Vogel, A. F. M.  
Fr. Cairns, A. F. M.

Mr. Meagher.  
Bp. Foley of Australia.

Fr. Vaughn, Sec. to Abp. Mannix.  
Fr. McShane, A. F. M.

WE WANT ONLY RELIABLE ADVERTISING.

At Wuchow Frs. Walsh and Dietz gave me a royal good time and as quiet a room as their proximity to Chinese noises permitted.

Boarded the "Sainam," the best steamer on the West River, and paid nine dollars Hongkong from Wuchow to Canton, a trip of thirty hours.

The Cathedral spires of Canton came in sight at twelve the next day and I arrived in time for lunch. Consulted Brother Joseph, Director of Sacred Heart College, about possible Chinese students from America. Met two boys who are interested in receiving their education in America, Leo Woo and Peter Kwong.

The Maryknoller, with Frs. Thomas and Fabre, at the Home of the Little Sisters of the Poor, waited on the old people and served them victuals. Sr. Benedict was glad to speak English, her native language, which she has almost forgotten.

Natives tell us that Hongkong has been blessed with excellent weather this winter. When we arrived last October the climate was not far different from New York in early September. During the middle of the day it was very hot and we needed a helmet to protect our heads from the scorching sun. The nights, however, were cool in October and November, but what we remarked most were the sudden atmospheric changes. One of our priests had severe stomach pains for about a week as a result of these cool waves. It is to avoid such illness that most newcomers to Southern China must wear a woollen band: some seasoned missionaries tell us that they have worn such for years and never go without one day or night. Weather changes are frequent.

The humidity is bad, but not unbearable; it causes one's garments to stick to the skin and the perspiration to flow freely, and it makes work and study disagreeable and irksome—but otherwise it is all right and we like it.

Moved to the new Procure, 4 Liberty Ave., Kowloon. The professor and interpreter whom Fr. Gauthier sent from Canton arrived and helped to direct removal operations. A new

"boy" was hired and he also worked with us. Five coolies worked all day at a total expense of \$8.00 H.K. (\$4.00 U. S.).

Mr. Herr and Mr. Garnett, American sailors, tested the skill of our cook. These men were kind to our Fathers on the U. S. gunboat which gave Fr. Donovan and Wiseman passage, and it was worth the effort, for the cook did justice to his good reputation and the sailors seemed to enjoy their visit.

The Fathers from the interior enjoyed a drink of fresh milk, the first they have tasted for over five months. Fr. Wiseman said the first Mass at the new Procure.

Wung Sun, our electrical contractor, called to see whether we could help him get an American passport, as he wishes to go to Chicago to buy goods. He is not a Catholic, but studied at Sacred Heart College, Canton.



A PLACE OF REFRESHMENT IN HONGKONG.



### The Maryknoll Pin

#### The Chi-Rho

Gold plate, \$.25;

silver for ONE dollar

Silver \$.75

Gold, pin or button, \$1.00 and \$2.50

It consists of two Greek letters—Chi (key) and Rho (roe)—the monogram of Christ. The circle symbolizes the world, and the entire emblem signifies the mission of Christ to the world.

Address: Maryknoll, Ossining, N. Y.

Two Catholic fellows, Murphy and MacLean, out on a long "hike," stopped at our house to rest on their return journey. At San Francisco, Br. Thomas often joked about putting water in the soup; but here the procurator actually had to do it, as the Chinese "boy" couldn't understand what was wanted. We managed to find enough to eat, however.

MacLean and Murphy made Fr. Deswazières and the Canadian Sisters happy by their call at Sheklung. For the exiles on this leper island, an American visitor is a "rara avis."

American lawyers are not permitted to practice in this British colony, so Fr. Walsh consulted Mr. Wilkinson, a British solicitor, on legal matters.

The procurator arranged for a 5% discount on all goods our missionaries may wish to buy from the Sun Company, Canton's largest department store.

Introduced Brother John of Sacred Heart College to Mr. S., our co-traveler of the "Nanking." Mr. S. may later employ some Sacred Heart College (Chinese) boys as salesmen.

Settled the matter of a house for the Maryknoll Sisters. The house is in Kowloon, adjoining the Catholic church there.

Built of red brick, it has two stories and each has a small veranda. The sisters may be disappointed at the lack of a garden, though there is room for a few flowers at the front of the house. The six rooms can easily accommodate half a dozen of our pioneer "Teresians."

SECURE

A

MEMORIAL

ROOM

NOW —

## Happenings at the Home Knoll.



THE PRO-SEMINARY AT MARYKNOLL.

**S**LOWLY the mass of stone mounts and gradually the dwellers on the hills and hollows around the beautiful town of Ossining are asking—*What is it?*

Our readers know what it is and they rejoice in the fact that Catholic Faith in America is being symbolized by a great building that will stand for generations as the nursery of American apostles—perhaps even of American martyrs. And those whose privilege it has been to mount high above the foundations and behold the glorious prospect find it hard to express their delight and satisfaction.

As one expressed it recently: "This new structure marks emphatically the new apostolic era of Catholic life in the United States. My hope for the future of the Church in this country was never stronger than at this moment."

Yes, it certainly looks as if there can be no turning back. Already a section of the new Maryknoll is under roof and the foundations are laid for the major portion of the entire establishment. Stone upon stone! And except for the sills and some column casings, our fields supply them all. The cost comes in the carrying, for some in the trimming, and for all in the laying—and a growing number of thoughtful friends are helping us to meet this expense. (Just here, dear reader, please ask yourself if any of the Maryknoll stones bear

witness of *your* generosity. If not, write for a stone card.)

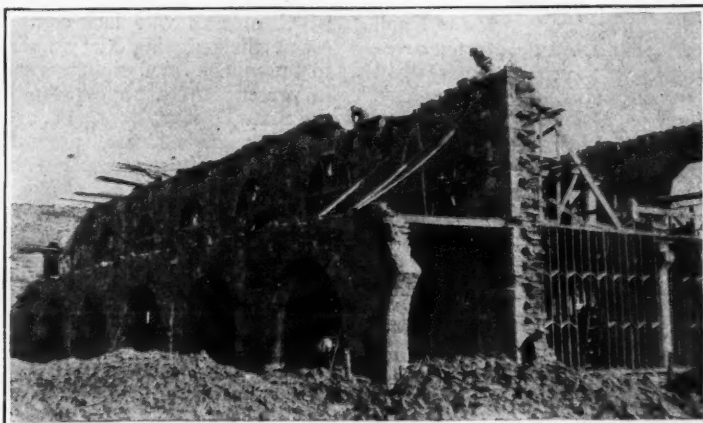
It is good, too, to see the student rooms emerging from the mass of stone and to realize that soon they will be occupied by aspirant apostles. Already twenty of these rooms have been secured as memorials to benefactors, living or dead, and we have not the slightest doubt that some day—and that day is not far away—on the panel of every room there will be a memorial tablet.

But all summer long and even so late as September the question was persistently asked—*Where will you house the ninety-odd students registered for the scholastic year of 1921-22?* It was a sensible question, because on September 1 there was little sign of a

roof, but we pointed out the future conference hall designed to seat three hundred. A cement floor above it could be water-proofed—and over that an untiled roof prepared for further protection. Our students could camp out in the conference hall, which, though lined only with hollow tile and floored in the roughest cement, could be heated before Jack Frost gets busy. And that is what actually happened shortly before our bands of travelers left the Knoll.

A good friend writes asking why we have not had a corner-stone laying at Maryknoll. The corner-stone of the new Seminary will not go into its place for some time to come, because we have started our building from the rear and we wish to place the corner-stone at the front. Is that a sufficient reason? Again, this is a national work and we should like our host of friends to see so significant a ceremony. We should also wish to entertain them properly, but we are in no position to do so just yet.

When that corner-stone is laid, however, it will hold in the strong box a roll of honor for our special benefactors, and hidden quite as securely in the massive walls will be a metal tube containing the names of those who paid for the laying of stones. The widow's



"Slowly the mass of stone mounts."

HAVE YOUR NAME PERPETUATED.



mite will have its place, and if the widow's name is presented it will be perpetuated.

Fort Wayne, Indiana, added a summer helper to the Maryknoll propaganda force in the person of Fr. John A. Costello, Director of the Apostolate in that diocese. Fr. Costello made Maryknoll his headquarters, and, with the kindly encouragement of Bishop Nilan and

nell, for this valued help, as also for the release of Fr. Cassidy.

To the Rt. Rev. Theophile Meerschaert, D. D., Bishop of Oklahoma, we are indebted for the release of Fr. James A. Garvey, pastor of Duncan.

The first Sunday of September found Maryknoll at the limit of its capacity, and with a score and more of prominent guests certain



THE LAUNDRY SQUAD ON DUTY.

several pastors of the Hartford diocese, secured a goodly list of subscribers to that magazine, *THE FIELD AFAR*.

September brought to the Knoll two priests from the Boston archdiocese, who came for more than a passing visit. One, the Rev. Florence J. Halloran, pastor of Wakefield, Massachusetts, already ripened in the priesthood, has been released to assist the faculty at Maryknoll during the absence of our Superior. The other, Rev. Joseph H. Cassidy, who was ordained about three years ago, will prepare himself for the field. Fr. Halloran is one of the best-known and most highly esteemed priests in New England. For several years he has been deeply interested in Maryknoll, and we are grateful to His Eminence, Cardinal O'Con-

departments were ready to burst. But nothing did burst, and nothing ever does burst on such occasions when we push over to make room.

Several of the guests were K. of C. officials who had come to escort the outgoing Maryknollers to the village of Ossining, where, in presence of a large assembly, the State Deputy, Dr. Coyle, after an eloquent address, presented each of the six missionaries with a crucifix.

It was a thoughtful tribute, but the Knights realized, as they themselves expressed it, that in honoring these young apostles they were themselves being honored.

The same afternoon the Archbishop-Elect of Baltimore, Most Rev. Michael J. Curley, dropped in unexpectedly and stayed for supper. His Grace can give testimony to the urgent need of more

### STONES OR BRICKS?

STONES going into the Maryknoll Seminary—BRICKS for Maryknoll's Preparatory College, The Venard—which shall it be?

STONES run from five cents to fifty cents. BRICKS are five and ten cents.

Your request for either a STONE CARD or a BRICK CARD will be promptly met. The STONE CARD filled will add to our credit \$5.00; the BRICK CARD \$1.00.

Send for EITHER or BOTH.

Send NOW. It is the hour of a vital need.

spacious quarters for Maryknoll. Incidentally, at one moment during his stay, Archbishop Curley found himself the center of a group made up of the Chaplain of the New York Tombs, the Chaplain of Sing Sing, and the head of the nation's detective service, Mr. William J. Burns; but experiences in Florida have prepared the new Archbishop of Baltimore for strange combinations.

Recent guests at the Knoll were: Msgr. Gercke of Philadelphia; Msgr. Hassett, V. G., of the Harrisburg diocese; Msgr. Smyth of Jersey City; Father Larkin, School Superior in the New York Archdiocese; also other priest friends from and about New York, Philadelphia, Nazareth, N. C., Brooklyn, Cleveland, Reading, Pa., Oranges, N. J., Washington, D. C., and others, unrecorded on our register, but equally welcome. We have also had the pleasure of receiving sisters from Chicago, Wisconsin, North Carolina and Belgium. We find, too, in the entry book the names of Lieut. Hill of the U. S. N. and a lengthy list of the laity.

We had the honor recently of a visit from Captain Tsuru, of the Japanese Navy. Mr. Tsuru is an ardent Catholic and a close friend of Captain Yamamoto, the well known Japanese diplomat, also a Catholic. He was on his way to Paris to represent his country at the International Peace Confer-

MARYKNOLL - AT - TEN - BUY IT - READ IT -

ence. He is a man of considerable experience, proud of his Faith and eager to talk about it.

Men of Mr. Tsuru's type help us to understand the story of the Nagasaki Christians.

A visitor for whom we had long waited was Sr. Catherine of Ashville, N. C., a sister of our late associate, Fr. Price. Sr. Catherine is no longer young but she has the zeal of youth and would go to the ends of the earth tomorrow if human prudence and her superiors would allow her to do so.

Keen of mind and, like her brother, deeply spiritual, Sr. Catherine possesses a quiet, almost playful, sense of humor and Maryknollers all regretted her departure.

No, the photograph on this page is not from California nor from the mission field. It is from Maryknoll-on-the-Hudson and is worth more than a passing glance.

Seated is Sr. Catherine, Fr. Price's sister. In the habit of a Maryknoll novice is Sr. Marianna, a Japanese; beside her is a Chinese girl, who has since entered her name as a Maryknoller; and under the shadow of Sr. Catherine's veil is Rosa, the orphan child of devout Japanese parents who died in Los Angeles. Rosa came and went like a little sunbeam and we hope that some day when she grows up she will see this photograph.

Fifty apple, forty cherry, sixty pear, one hundred plum, and sixty peach trees.

This represents our fall planting in prospect, and housewives will appreciate what a saving this will mean in the canned goods bill. Now, if some kind friend should happen to pay for the trees! ! !

Last month the sisters "canned" fourteen hundred quarts of peaches, at a saving of twelve and one-half cents per quart. Figure it out. The canning department is a paying proposition.

Maryknoll has no "movie outfit"

yet—but that does not keep Maryknoll quiet. We are now planning to pass over to the sisters nothing short of a house—St. Joseph's—which will add to their compound accommodation for thirty or more. After that, what? The Maryknoll

Sisters have gone over the hundred mark, and if the present rate of increase keeps up we shall have to call on fairies, or fairy godmothers, to start something big and permanent for them.



WHEN EAST AND WEST MET ON OUR LADY'S KNOLL.

P A S S I T A L O N G T O Y O U R F R I E N D S .

It is fortunate that Maryknollers are not extreme sentimentalists, or the farewells so often witnessed here would sadden, but with a family of three hundred and thirty and houses that span the continent and over ocean, there is hardly place for too deep a realization of the word "farewell." In fact we prefer the *au revoir*, even though it be *au ciel*—until we meet in Heaven.

The fall Departure—Maryknoll's Fourth—is all over. It was carried out very quietly, as usual—and this time it called for three separate occasions.

Five priests and a brother left Maryknoll on the evening of September 8. The Departure Ceremony, always inspiring, was scheduled for the early evening. On such occasions the Superior has, as a rule, made the address, but, as a fellow traveler with the outgoing missionaries, he had asked Fr. William Cashin, a staunch and much-loved Maryknoller-in-spirit, to speak the parting word, which was given with strength and unction.

Soon after the ceremony was ended, six "good men and true" went out into the night and turned their faces westward, with many a silent prayer and blessing following them.

Three days later came the ceremony for the departure of the Maryknoll sisters.

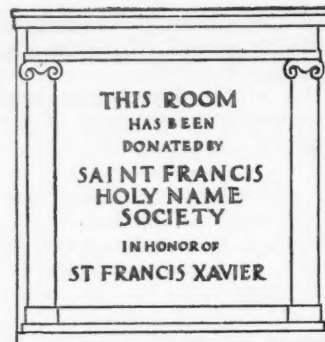
Since they received approbation from Rome, no day has written more history for them than the 12th of September last, when their first missionary band departed for China. This was an event hoped and prayed for since the founding of the community, and hopefully anticipated by every member, but—alas for zealous hearts—the pioneer band was, for various good reasons, limited to six.

Many of Maryknoll's longest and best friends appeared for the occasion, among the number being the Most Rev. Archbishop P. J. Hayes, D. D., of New York; the Right Rev. Bishop Allen, D. D.,

of Mobile, Ala.; the Right Rev. Msgr. John J. Dunn, Bishop Elect; and the Right Rev. Msgr. John P. Chidwick, Superior of St. Joseph's Seminary. With other visitors from Brooklyn were the Right Rev. Msgr. McGolrick, pastor of one of the Maryknoll priests who left for China a few days before, and Rev. Thomas J. Leonard, Diocesan Director of the Propagation of the Faith. The Albany Director, Rt. Rev. John F. Glavin, made a special trip for the occasion, for he is a Maryknoller in spirit and interest. Justice Victor J. Dowling, of New York, was on hand to represent the lay members of the Maryknoll Corporation.

The ceremony of departure was simple, yet impressive. After the chanting of the Itinerarium, the prayer of Holy Mother Church for those on journey, the Maryknoll Superior made a brief address in which he took occasion to thank His Grace for the signal favor he had done for this young community by securing establishment as a religious organization. He also outlined the work that lies ahead of the missionary sisters, acknowledged the great service which all of the Maryknoll Sisters had rendered to the American Foreign Missions, and blessed for each of the six a missionary's cross, the emblem of their active service among the pagan. The Most Rev. Archbishop then addressed the community and the little group of pioneers. He claimed it a privilege to have been associated with such a work, whose rapid growth he termed "a twentieth century miracle," and he warmly congratulated those chosen for the active apostolate. The Archbishop's address was eloquent, earnest and deeply spiritual; and we were very happy to have him with us as one of Maryknoll's own.

After Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament, at which the Most. Rev. Archbishop officiated, the ceremony was concluded by the Hymn for Departure, sung by the community.



The Memorial Rooms are appealing at five hundred dollars each. Twenty have so far been taken by individuals, Circles, or societies.

There were—shall we say it?—some tears shed on this occasion, but we are quite certain that nobody really felt sad—and certainly sadness did not accompany the brave little group of women who were leaving all for the Bridegroom. A blessing on them! Many a prayer is following these pioneers.

And three days later there sped westward the Maryknoll Superior, whose work had kept him back till the last signal. A devoted friend of Maryknoll, a priest of the Boston Archdiocese, accompanied him, and all at the Knoll were comforted in the thought that the father of the family would have a companion on his long and rapid flight "around the Circle."

As these lines are read two steamers are bearing all this precious freight across the vast Pacific. Reader, breathe a prayer that our loved ones may arrive safely, and that each and all may, with God's grace, do much "for Christ and for souls."

Our missionaries sailed on September 24 and September 29, one group from Seattle, the other from Vancouver. Precious are both. Pray for their safe journey, and for the success of their mission.

There may be an occasional pang in the hearts of the twelve

END YOUR ROSARY WITH AN OUR FATHER.



who left our shores last month, many of whom will never see this land again, but no regret or hesitancy was noticeable among them, and a happier group could not be found. Why should it be otherwise?

There is not a soul in our work who does not feel that the sacrifice of exile is not to be compared with the compensations, even in this life. And when the happy twelve left they bade farewell to two hundred confreres who in thought will follow them with a holy envy and with the prayer that they, too, may soon be chosen.

#### STUDENTS' SUBSCRIPTION DRIVE.

Six thousand subscriptions in one month is the record of a group of Maryknoll students. How did they do it? you ask.

As a matter of fact their share was in some respects small, but the fact that they sacrificed some of their few precious holidays gave them the right kind of start.

The secret of the students' success, however, is due to the co-operation of pastors whom they approached. These pastors advised and urged their people to subscribe, and the students had only to gather the fruit. More than one pastor, however, made the statement that the inquiring student was fortunate in sponsoring a live paper.

If you have no boy of your own to give to the service of God as an officer in the army of Jesus Christ, why not adopt one of our selection and pay his way through his course of studies, at least as long as you can afford to do so?

The amount asked is two hundred and fifty dollars a year for board and tuition; or, if personal expenses are included, three hundred dollars.

Be a Maryknoll Uncle or a Maryknoll Aunt.

A Parish or a Society that would pay for the board and tuition of a Maryknoll student, at our Seminary or Preparatory College, would prove a real benefactor.

#### The Venard Letter.

TO begin with, The Venard seems to have a thoroughly reliable self-starter. When we look back a few years to review those sober prophecies of fear that the youth of America would not hear the call to foreign parts, we wonder at the "madness" that not only brings students to our doors and tables, but brings them far ahead of time. This fall, as usual, the home-coming of our student body began before the summer was half done, and developed a momentum that has carried us into the school year with the comforting enrollment of eighty-plus. It begins to look as if we would have to finish the other wing of the College before we thought we should, and this is just what we thought all along.

Some of the parents of these eager-to-return students are thinking of suing for alienation of affection of their children, but they don't know whether to start proceedings against the College or the priesthood or the Chinese, or all three.

Almost immediately after the

gathering of the clan came the Ceremony of Departure of the Fourth Mission Band, which stopped for a last visit and a last blessing on the way from Maryknoll to the Celestial Kingdom on earth. From time immemorial for the past three years the majority of the departing band has been made up of the Venard faculty, but this year traditions were broken and only one of the six was from our festive board, Fr. Meehan, formerly of New Orleans, La. It was this Reverend Director of Actors who engineered "My New Curate" through several thrilling productions last year, and there is a hazy belief among the unfortunate stay-behinds that prowess in the Green Room is sending Fr. Meehan to Cathay. Owing to the unfinished state of the Scranton Cathedral, the ceremony took place at the College where Bishop Hoban, presiding, spoke very eloquently of the spiritual harvest in the Far East and gave his benediction to the departing workers.

Giving generous evidence of his deep interest in Maryknoll's work, the Bishop brought with him a personal check for \$1,000.00, to de-



*Note the line. It is a true baker's dozen, but the invisible twelfth is in heaven. The whole group has just landed from Europe and the oldest boy wishes to study for the foreign missions.*

*Here is your chance to be an uncle or an aunt. Just mention "that Dutch boy" when you write.*

AND THREE HAIL MARY'S FOR THE MISSIONS.

fray the expenses of two missionaries to China. The announcement brought three cheers and a TIGER. Afterwards there was an informal reception by the missionaries, their many friends coming for a last word and blessing.

When the last of the faithful *Henrys* had disappeared in a cloud of self-made dust, and all the smoke had cleared away, there came a retreat-master to tell the boys how to train for that goal. The Rev. John Dever, of Shenandoah, Pa., preached a retreat that was impressive and instructive. The students entered wholeheartedly into the spirit of the exercises, and on their completion charged *en masse* into a ten-month fray with study and work.

It is our sad duty to record the death of one of The Venard's first and best friends, Mrs. Cunningham of Scranton. Before the College was started, she gave welcome and cooperation to our propagandists; the first pro-College, a Scranton dwelling, witnessed many proofs of her constant friendship; and the development of our present institution was the object of her keenest interest, despite the fact of her being painfully invalided. We pray that Our Father in Heaven may speedily take her to Himself in that eternal happiness which she seemed so well to merit. And may she, in the communion of saints, continue her prayerful supplication for pagan souls and for Maryknoll!

The Venard's observation tower found a new sentinel on duty September 1, when the Rev. Vincent A. Dever replaced, as Rector, Rev. Patrick J. Byrne who was called to Maryknoll for the year.

Fr. Dever goes back to his home state of Pennsylvania, and he finds himself with much to do in a place where already much has been accomplished. We shall look forward with interest to the development which in God's Providence lies directly ahead of our College.

### Along the Pacific.

ALL is quiet on the Pacific Coast. Lengthy reports will soon come in to "Central," but just now the desk is clear.

We have before us, however, a photograph taken on the occasion of a recent baptism. The Maryknoll catechist and his wife stand at the right side, the young mother and her children, baptized a few weeks ago, are at the left. All are children of the Church and owe allegiance, as we do, to Christ and His representatives. May God keep all true to their baptismal promises!

The outgoing missionaries met in Seattle and the Superior joined them there. The new Seattle home of the sisters was taxed to the limit for the accommodation of the faithful women, while the priests and Bro. Albert were divided, finding a cordial welcome in the homes of friendly pastors. Bishop O'Dea was pleased to meet so many Maryknollers—but the Maryknollers themselves felt especially fortunate to offer personally to the reverend Ordinary of Seattle their congratulations on his

Silver Jubilee and their thanks for his many kindnesses.

Outgoing Maryknollers left San Francisco out of their itinerary this year, but there was a reason. Fr. Walsh, our Superior, had already been over the southern route and was anxious not to lose precious time. Also, he had recently visited San Francisco. Besides, the missionaries in China had arranged for a reunion at Hongkong and the boats from the northern ports would bring all the newcomers in touch with the veterans in good time.

But the Golden Gate is always an attraction and other Maryknollers will soon be passing under it.

At Los Angeles foundations are silently building for several good works to be undertaken for the Japanese residents there—notably, the kindergarten, the school, and a medical mission that will be announced later. We are pleased to feel that under the kindly patronage and direction of the Pacific Coast hierarchy Maryknoll is instrumental in making the love of Christ known to the Japanese people of this country.



TWO LITTLE YELLOW ANGELS AND THEIR SPONSORS, AT MARYKNOLL-IN-SEATTLE.

READ OBSERVATIONS IN THE ORIENT

## A Yeungkong Radio.

*From Fr. Hodgins.*

**A**LTHOUGH heat and pigs are in our town to stay, two innovations have come lately. One is "sody water." Couldn't believe my ears, but a man told me who bought a bottle at the herb shop. He gets thirty cents a day and spent twenty of it for a bottle of "pop." Has New York a sport ready to put out two-thirds of his day's pay for a bottle of "pop"? And here a man can get stronger drink for much less money.

The other new movement that's waking up Yeungkong is supported by its love for the mighty dollar, which it feels as much as New York. A friend said he'd invested twenty-seven dollars, his savings for thirteen and a half years. And in what, pray? Yes, that was what he wanted us to ask, as he was anxious for us to examine a large nugget of gold he had just bought. We looked at the small rock through our sun-glasses, and knocked off a chunk with a hatchet very thoughtfully sent from Maryknoll, New York, for some such purpose. After half an hour's careful examination (the conventions wouldn't have allowed less time) we solemnly announced that all that glitters is not worth twenty-seven dollars.

Others in the alley gave money to the same individual. We saw him later directing about twenty women who were hauling away what was unsold of the precious stuff. He was a farmer who had discovered a gold mine in his rice fields. "May the next thunderbolt strike me dead," he said, "and the dread dragon hide my grave from my children, if this is not purest gold!" We don't know how much the transaction netted, but the gold-brick artist left the town richer than when he entered and is no doubt making for another town with his innovation.

A messenger from Fr. Yeung, our Chinese neighbor, has some trouble that Fr. Yeung has been trying to cure for some time. It may be appendicitis, though the Chinese are said never to be visited that way. The Yeungkong Protestant hospital agreed to operate for thirty dollars, a man's wages for six months, the usual rate being twice as

much. Then their doctors decided he would better go to Canton. He took the boat with Frs. Ford and Vogel, who were off for the Wuchow meeting.

The travelers sat for a couple of hours in a sampan and were poled to the junk. Rather, they squatted on their ankles under the rounded roof, a position which you have to get used to after many a stiff back and cramp in the legs. Some Chinese gentlemen accompanied them, smoking the long cigarettes that come to a point in the mouth. Fr. Ford had his black pipe and Fr. Vogel a book on the chronology of the First Book of Kings. Except for a couple of big rocks at the mouth of the Yeungkong River the junk could dock within the town. A little dynamite would make a good harbor and improve traveling conditions. The slit cassocks were a help in jumping from sampan to junk. The Chinese toga has a slit on each side, but in visiting the city the priests prefer to indulge in only one and show they are wearing cassocks. Fortunately, since there was so much rain, the travelers had the lower half of a packing box to themselves. Eight natives got into the upper half. Were it not so wet the Maryknollers would have slept under the skies on top of the freight.

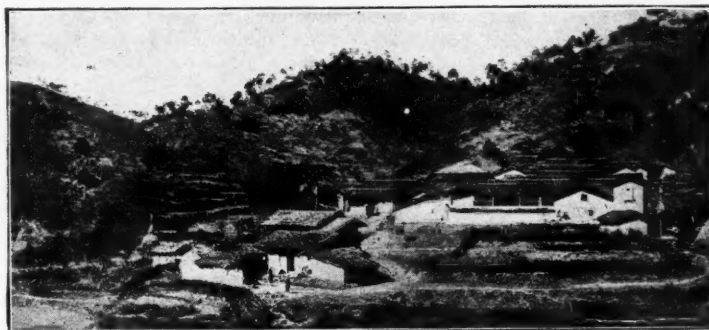
A Yeungkonger came to tell of his father in a distant village who fell and sprained his wrist. In ten hours of heavy rain he walked back thirty-six miles with a native remedy bought in Yeungkong.

There is a craze here for timepieces, and the Arabic and Roman numerals have been learned by many of the na-



BUYING PAGAN BABIES INTO THE BONDAGE OF CHRIST.

tives so that they can tell time. It isn't of prime importance that the piece tell time as just having the ornament is satisfaction enough. Some think we Maryknollers are partly to blame for the fad, for we have a great variety of Lingersoles, hardly any of which go, and the Catholic jeweler has encouraged the desire to have a decoration "like the Fathers'." One of us gave an old timer that refused to do time to a bookman, who exchanged it for a still older watch that still ticked. One of our village schoolmasters invested four dollars in a turnip wound by an immense key, and the town is full of that kind. He said he needed it for his school, and the other catechists would now like to follow in his footsteps. The watch of the bellringer suddenly



"One half of this pagan village has asked to become Christian."

AND GET SOME LIGHT ON MISSIONS.



disappeared, and then a school clock left us without warning. Regarding the clock, we received a letter from a suspect, which indicates the progress made after four years' schooling in English:

"My father have received your letter on the 14th instant and have show it to me. Do the letter said that I took off your books and clock and informed me send back immediately but those things are all left in my room when I come back, I only brought own luggage, except that, I am sorry where they are when I departed you. I am sure that I am not a greed man, hoping your will detect whom have taking it and gave the fault to me, I shall be very obliged to you: your oblidecubly—"

The pagan schools and the Protestant had a free day in honor of the inauguration of Sun Yat Sen, who has had himself elected the President of at least one province of China,—that of Kwangtung, in which we live. He would like the other Southern provinces to recognize him, which they, especially Kwangsi, are not disposed to do. China at present cannot be called a united China, and were there a plebiscite, it looks as if most of the provinces would set up independent governments. Most of the people have no interest in government at all, and, if they had no officials, would follow the old customs that have always guided them and their forefathers. At present in Yeungkong the voting qualifications exclude the great majority and grant the vote only to graduates of a higher school or those possessed of \$500 in some kind of property. We asked some of these qualified whether they ever cast a ballot, and their answer was "never," because they had never heard of a time or place to vote. Hence, although the Protestant schools had a parade for Sun Yat Sen, who is said to be an active Protestant, the mass of the people weren't interested.

Right next door a pasty-faced dame has taken a lease, plastered the house, and started a rushing business in fortune-telling out in the back yard. We can see and hear everything from our porch. My, she's bold. She uses no wooden fish, cymbal, rattle, or other Taoist instrument. She just takes a sup of tea and a bowl of rice mixed with fish and garlic and pig fat, puffs at an ordinary pipe, and gets down to



SUNNY JIM'S CHINESE SISTER-IN-LAW.

cases. The pagans call her the devil-woman, and Fr. Hue, who ought to know, says it's the first public performance he has ever seen. A woman (there were about thirty on opening day) makes an offering of a small basket of rice with a string of money on top. The pagan who boards in the same house says she charges sixty cents because she is so clever and wealthy. At any rate, the money secured, the performer half closes her eyes and makes inarticulate and low sounds not in any way cheerful, and then a rumble is heard. A ventriloquist might produce it, trying to imitate some animal, such as the unicorn, that he had never heard. The loud rumble means that the devil is at hand and questions are in order. The answers are chanted in a clear and not unpleasant voice by the possessed woman. Frequently a reply is refused, and sometimes another answer is demanded by a questioner who claims the first one is against facts or impossible. Though ordinarily the women laugh at much of the dialogue, they do seem a little frightened at messages alleged to come from the dead. We asked the husband of one woman why the men allowed their wives and daughters to attend since the heads of the family had no belief in the power of the devil-woman. He said it was the one recreation that the women had to have a few times a year. He added that in invoking the evil spirit, they thought only of the interest of the

family, and that the women would be grateful to the father of lies if he made their children wealthy.

The devil-woman next door is sick these days. Women come to have their fortunes told or commune with dead relatives, and she lets them go away with their offerings of money in the little baskets of rice. Of course it may be that she thinks she has made enough money for a while, but she looks as if she couldn't produce the groans and rumblings and chant that as the devil's agent she has to continue for about fifteen minutes in each case. When the rain lets up she leans against a tree and holds her head. Her thin, bloodless face and tired eyes and listless ways give the impression of a bundle of nerves and sleeplessness. Her business is not all clover even from the natural viewpoint. But the yard in which her mat shed stands is, in contrast, bright with trees and bushes and a beautiful vine that appears to grow out of a large and costly porcelain jar.

We are certainly having heavier rains than usual. Every one of our roofs leaked to-day, and one got so weak in the knees that it caved in. We stayed in all day, but our neighbors are out with umbrellas that look American but are made for much less money in Japan. The picturesque ones of other days, with bright colors and straw-like material, are less often seen now. Under the umbrella the men wear heavy straw hats at least three feet in diameter, even larger than the wonderful helmets worn by the women. The boys that tend the cattle have a clever backstop. It is shaped like a back of a monster turtle and protects the body from head to foot. The soldiers got out their new oilskin coats for the first time. Everybody makes sure of not getting much wet by leaving most of his garments at home, and they aren't disposed to grumble at the rain.

**A NEW PAMPHLET—  
MISSIONS, A DUTY**

By the late  
**REV. THOMAS F. PRICE**

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IT IS NOT TOO EARLY TO PLAN

## Diary of a Wuchow Curate.

*Fr. Dietz.*

I HAVE just returned from a three-weeks' visit with Fr. Gauthier, and, for several reasons, I feel an account of this trip will be of interest. The Christians of Fr. Gauthier's district are all of the "old" kind whose origin dates back two hundred years; as such they present a contrast to the Catholics of our missions, who are of comparatively recent origin. This description will incidentally reveal, I hope, some interesting features of the country and its people. It will also give glimpses of the past achievements of dauntless missionaries of the Paris Society who labored under difficulties and dangers far greater than ours.

At the last moment the "bright idea" came to me to take along my Victrola; I acted on it, and was afterwards pleased that I did so.

The ride down the West River recalled former excursions on the historic Hudson. A fresh breeze furnished a welcome contrast to the stifling at-

mosphere we had left, and the rugged hills flanking the river were a treat to eyes accustomed to gaze all day at the ugly tenements of Wuchow City. Necromancers say that a grave should be built in sight of water, which explains why these hills are pitted with countless tombs characteristically crown-shaped. Once I spied a solitary white cross, a touching evidence of the silent workings of the heaven of Christianity. Every hour or two the boat came to a standstill, while sampans and junks sculled quickly to its sides to load and unload passengers and freight amid general pandemonium.

At one o'clock that night we reached Komchuk—*Sweet Bamboo*—and together with twenty others descended into a sampan for shore. The only light for our little boat was furnished by two large and gaudy Chinese lanterns. The men conversed about the war in progress between Kwangtung and Kwangsi. I was the only foreigner in the crowd; and, as it was my first experience of the kind, this scene in the dead of night was not without

its little thrill for me. When we alighted a soldier or two inspected our baggage—the foreigner's excepted, as usual—whereupon a Christian who had come to meet us led me to a bunk nearby where I was to pass the remaining hours till daybreak. It was one of a dozen dark, dingy, roofless compartments provided for the convenience of transients. For a long time the talking, coughing, and spitting of my neighbors, as well as the general novelty of the experience, kept me awake; but at last my weary eyes succumbed to the efforts of the sandman.

Soon after dawn found us on our way through mulberry fields that stretched as far as they could reach and past frequent fish-ponds of artificial construction, whose rippling surfaces bespoke an abundant submarine life. These ponds are stocked every year from native hatcheries, a bit of information that rather surprised me. After a walk of an hour over the neat granite paths we reached our village, whose imposing gateway of brick construction bore the inscription:



A YOUNG MARYKNOLLER AMONG OLD FRIENDS.

*Fr. Destwazieres.*

*Fr. L'Eveque.*

*Bp. Gauthier,*

*Fr. Dietz.*

*Fr. Pierrat,*

*Maryknoll's "big brother" in the missions.*

WHAT YOU WILL GIVE FOR CHRISTMAS.

"The Gate of Heaven's Blessing."

Fr. Shi, a middle-aged native priest, had just finished his Mass at the chapel and helped me to his vestments. The people remained for my Mass, also, continuing to chant their prayers. My breakfast that morning consisted of a bowl of rice-gruel. Fr. Shi and I spoke Latin together, the only language we both knew; and occasionally, waxing brave, I tried a little Chinese on him. I liked this genial priest, who has some characteristics that recalled our Maryknoll's far-famed Professor of History; and together we settled some interesting questions that have vexed the brain of men from the beginning of time.

A walk around the town revealed that it is entirely Christian, with a population of about three hundred souls. A smile and a cup of tea enticed us into one of the houses, where our delighted hosts ushered us to the haunts of the silkworms upstairs. All this region is engaged in the production of silk.

Fr. Gauthier arrived that afternoon and received a warm welcome from all. We accepted an invitation to call on a family which has a son in Wuchow, and I noticed that while we talked, drank, and ate chocolates (!), our hostess placidly smoked her pipe. Nothing unusual in that, of course.

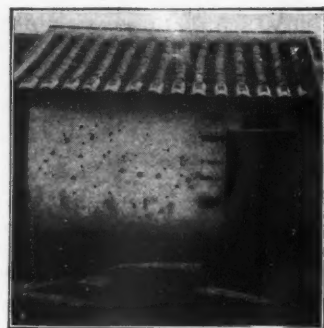
At every meal we were surrounded by a group of curious children and gossipy adults, so we did not lack company. The accustomed greeting, "God protect you," was ringing in our ears continually the first few days. This is

generally accompanied by a genuflection, which fits in well enough with Chinese custom, for I understand the same is done to mandarins—but does not appeal to us Americans. In our missions we are trying to substitute the equally graceful but less "idolatrous" bow.

When, after meals, Fr. Gauthier and I went for a stroll outside the village, a mob of urchins followed, their wooden shoes clacking loudly on the stone path. These little fellows were all Christians, and it was good to see how at-home they felt with their *Shan Foo* or "Spiritual Father."

After these walks we would get out the Victrola, and on such occasions the atrium became a gathering place for old and young. The children were evidently delighted, and examined every part of the instrument, especially the opening; but soon gave over trying to solve the mystery and attended to the music. Foreign instrumental selections, especially the sweet and melodious kind, were at once rejected: "Not enough noise." Vocal pieces, especially grand choruses, were countenanced provided they were played double-quick, and then brought down the house more than once. As for my solitary Chinese record, it was in constant demand. Whenever that was put on, it was the signal for Fr. Gauthier and me to take the air for a bit; and we generally obeyed it.

Every morning at daybreak the



TEMPORARY CHAPEL AT TAI-SHAP.

*It holds but 16 of the 40 Christians. Will you help to enlarge it?*

chapel bell called the people to Mass and Morning Prayers. At noon, and again at six in the evening, it sounded the Angelus. At eight at night a final peal brought the villagers to the chapel for Night Prayers. What praying that was! They prayed together, slowly and deliberately, the piping voices of the small boys all mingling with the sopranos of the women in the rear. This loud praying, which, owing to the natural tones of the words, becomes a sort of monotonous chant not unlike the Preface or Pater Noster of a High Mass, has a charm all its own and actually brought tears to my eyes. The evidence of real faith and devotion on the part of these people seemed to me an eloquent justification of mission work and a panegyric on the labors of their former pastors.



HEARING "HIS MASTER'S VOICE" IN WUCHOW.  
*Fr. Dietz and his neighbors.*

#### BOOK NOTES.

*The Word of God*, by Msgr. F. Borgongini Duca, S. T. D. After the gospel for the Sunday Mass comes a short meditation which should be precious to all who desire a closer union with the spirit of Christ. Translated by Rev. F. J. Spellman. The Macmillan Co., Price \$2.00.

A valuable addition to the literature resulting from the National Catholic Welfare Council is *The Social Mission of Charity*, by William J. Kerby, Ph.D., LL.D. Dr. Kerby urges the need of more cooperation and method in the Church's charities. Mindful of the gospel of the unjust steward, he advocates that the wisdom of the "children of the world" be impressed into the service of Divine charity. Macmillan Co., Price \$2.25.

READ OUR MARYKNOLL BOOK LIST.





## THE MARYKNOLL MISSION CIRCLES

**C**IRCLES have been very generous to the pioneer band of Maryknoll missionary sisters. They are always sympathetic and responsive to mission needs, but the departure of this group of American sisters seemed to make a particular appeal. And it is not surprising.

Hundreds, yes, and thousands, of strong, generous souls in this great land would give themselves as willingly and as wholeheartedly had the call come to them. They, too, hear the divine whisperings, but duty keeps them at their home post; feeble health or some other obstacle prevents the offering of themselves as a holocaust for souls. But, denied the privilege, they do not shrink from the sacrifices that are within their power. So we are proud to record the share of the mission Circles in this first exodus of our Sisters to China.

The Circles that contributed to the Departure Expenses are:

Immaculate Conception Circle, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Maria Mission Circle, No. 1, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Our Lady, Help of Christians, Philadelphia, Pa.

St. Francis Xavier, Philadelphia, Pa.

St. Aloysius, New York City.

Our Lady of the Maryknolls, New York City.

St. Lawrence O'Toole's, Brewster, N. Y.

Mission Society, Rochester, N. Y.

St. Teresa's, Tarrytown, N. Y.

St. Joseph's, Pawtucket, R. I.

St. Columba Club, Boston, Mass.

Sacred Heart Circle, Philadelphia, Pa.

Maria Mission Circles, Cumberland, Md.

You want to be a Circler? Join the movement for God by becoming a member of the Maryknoll Centre Circle, \$1.00 a year. Share in the prayers and good works of valiant apostles of Christ.

The winter's activities are taking shape, and growth is manifest all along the line. It is shown in an

increased zeal—bigger aims—a wider vision; in a deepening of spiritual motives as well as in the building of living tabernacles of the Holy Ghost in lands still untouched by the blessed feet that will bear the glad tidings of the Cross.

Brewster, N. Y., has a wide-awake Circle that leaves no stone unturned in the interest of souls. Organized, directed and inspired by the pastor, Rev. Thomas Phelan, *St. Lawrence O'Toole Circle* shows healthy and vigorous life. The members have rendered valuable aid in sewing. A method, new to us, and which we are glad to pass on, is the selling of bulbs to raise funds for the missions. As a result of the Circle's resourcefulness and zeal, \$100 came to Maryknoll to help defray the departure expenses of the sisters bound for China.

Encouragement for others is in the following:

We are forwarding to-day three copes and one stole which we hope will be of service to some missionary in need.

A few weeks later, from the same source, came two silver ciboria, a silver chalice and paten, and some used vestments that had been carefully repaired, with this message:

We hope that the missionary who carries these sacred vessels to foreign lands, will not forget in his prayers the Mission Club that tried in its own little way to further God's work in the far-off fields of His vineyard.

—*St. John's Mission Club, Erie, Pa.*

The recent mite-box offering of the club amounted to \$125.

Five rooms already reserved and two more promised, at \$500 each, by Circles; three "godsons" adopted—young men who will be educated, at a cost of \$250 to \$300 a year, for the foreign missions; thirteen catechists being supported at \$180 a year; \$5,000 contributed towards various burses; \$850 paid on perpetual memberships; \$100 for the beginning of a chapel in China; almost \$2,000 in stringless

gifts—are only part of the cooperation given by Circles during the past year. In addition are mite-box returns and Circle dues, with hundreds of dollars' worth of altar and household linens, sacred vessels, and vestments.

This result is the work of comparatively few Circles, made up of groups of earnest workers. The most successful Circles work with the approbation and sympathetic encouragement of the clergy in their home parishes. Such splendid cooperation can be multiplied so as to give hope and strength and inspiration to flagging spirits and worn-out bodies of many missionaries who feel at times almost helpless, even with God's abundant grace, to stem the tide of infidelity and demon worship which threatens to submerge the countries of the East. We urge more groups, however small, to work in the cause of Christ. Do not be deterred. Any work worth doing has its difficulties; if it did not where would be its merit? Write for information and suggestions to the Circle Director, at Maryknoll.

Clubs and Circles may have **THE FIELD AFAR**, if all copies are sent to one address, for eighty cents a year.

### SUGGESTIONS FOR CIRCLERS

**FRAGMENTS**—"lest they be lost."

- Jewelry junk, from a single cuff-button to an unused watch-case, from a pearl to a diamond.
- Tinfoil. (But do not send the tinfoil to us. Sell it, and avoid paying in postage more than it is worth.)
- Stamps. Domestic of high denomination, or foreign.

**FUNDS AND STUDENT-SUPPORT.** Watch our lists and take your choice. Boost our funds and make Maryknoll secure. Support one student—at the Maryknoll College or Seminary in this country, or in the Maryknoll Mission in China.

**SOMETHING IN WHITE.** Altar linens or household cottons, for Maryknolls at home or abroad. Descriptions and measurements supplied on request.

Address correspondence on Circles to The Circle Director, Maryknoll, Ossining, N. Y.

IT WILL SOLVE YOUR GIFT PROBLEM.

## Special Offer—Some Maryknoll Best Sellers

Below is an unusual offer, which must "look good" to the book buyer, whether the purchase be for his own private library, as gifts, or for distribution in schools as premiums. This offer proved appealing in the spring, and we are glad to repeat it for a limited time now.

All Maryknoll books are sold at an unusually low price, but, anxious to spread the foreign mission spirit, we will for a limited time dispose of those listed below at a special rate, as follows:

OBSERVATIONS IN THE ORIENT (\$2.50) and any ONE \$1.00 BOOK, for.....	\$3.00
OBSERVATIONS IN THE ORIENT and any TWO \$1.00 BOOKS, for.....	3.50
OBSERVATIONS IN THE ORIENT and any THREE \$1.00 BOOKS, for.....	4.25
OBSERVATIONS IN THE ORIENT and any FOUR \$1.00 BOOKS, for.....	5.00
ALL FOUR \$1.00 BOOKS, in one order, for.....	3.00

Read the tributes below and make your selection. This Special Offer holds good until Nov. 15 only.

### Observations In The Orient

*An Account of a Journey to Catholic Mission-Fields in the Far East. By the V. Rev. James A. Walsh, Superior of Maryknoll.*

"Never before has the mission field in the Far East been so vividly portrayed as is done in these pages. The author is a keen and alert observer. Nothing escapes him. Besides, he knows how to tell what he sees and hears. He has the happy art of making the printed word almost vocal. He writes as he speaks, graphically, brightly, goodhumoredly. There is no dull paragraph in his book. Something is doing on every page—things noble, things graphic, things pleasant. Moreover, he writes in a strain that should command respect and sympathetic co-operation with the great work to which Maryknoll at home and in the vast field afar is devoted."—*The Ecclesiastical Review*.

320 pp. text. 80 pp. illustrations. Bound in red cloth, stamped in gold and black.

Regular Price, \$2.50

### For the Faith

*The story of Just de Bretenieres, of the Paris Seminary, martyred in Korea in 1866.*

"As interesting as any romance. . . . This simple readable life is worth perusal by every Catholic and will be an incentive to every one to do something for the foreign missions."—*Brooklyn Tablet*.

"This book is charming, so charming that, once opened, it is a sacrifice to the reader to put it down until every page has been read, every one of its sixteen illustrations closely scanned. And Just, the martyr-hero of the story—we shall say only that he was an attractive boy before he became the earnest self-sacrificing priest and zealous missionary whose young life ended in glorious martyrdom at the early age of twenty-eight."

—*Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament*.

180 pp. 16 illustrations. Bound in tan cloth, with attractive cover design in sepia and gold.

Regular Price, \$1.00 Postpaid

### A Modern Martyr

*Life and Letters of Blessed Theophane Vénard, of the Paris Foreign Mission Society, beheaded in Tongking in 1861.*

"He was an eminently tender and dutiful son; a most devoted and loving brother; an equally devoted and attached friend. Neither did he consider these warm affections incompatible with the great work to which he had given his life. . . . Yet all this strong human love did not prevent him sacrificing everything to God; leaving the home he loved so fondly, the sister he idolized, the family tie which bound him with what others might have considered iron links—everything, in fact, which made life dear—when the voice of the Master called him to go forth from his people and his country, into a strange and distant land, to preach His word and do His work and save the souls for whom He died upon the Cross. This is the striking characteristic of the life before us—human love, surpassing all ordinary home affections, willingly and joyfully offered on the altar of Our Lord for the salvation of the heathen who knew Him not."—*Lady Herbert*.

241 pp. 15 illustrations. Red cloth binding.

Regular Price, \$1.00

### The Martyr of Futuna

*Bl. Peter Chanel, S.M., martyred in Oceania in 1839.*

"His work among the natives of Futuna covered the short period of three years and a few months, still his endurance of hardships of all kinds, his universal charity, and his joy at the thought of dying for Christ, were the marks of a true apostle. Although our martyr's days were cut short before he could behold the fruits of his toil, it cannot be said of him that he fretted his hour on life's stage and then was heard of no more, for the closing chapter . . . once more assures us that the martyr's blood is the seed of Christians. A copy of this book in the hands of those interested in the missions may mean an increased number of vocations—the fields are still white with the harvest and the laborers are few. Catholic libraries especially should not fail to procure this life-story of a nineteenth-century martyr."—*America*.

210 pp. 16 illustrations. Green cloth, stamped in gold.

Regular Price, \$1.00

### An American Missionary

*The adventures and labors of Rev. William Judge, S.J., in Alaska. A book of especial interest to boys.*

"A book of this kind will prove a most effective pleader for the cause of foreign missions. It tells of a Jesuit of to-day, full of the spirit of St. Francis Xavier, gladly giving up his life as a sacrifice for souls in far-away Alaska. Nothing seems to daunt the soul of this zealous apostle. He loses the trail on a long sledge journey and trudges along up to his waist in snow; he camps out in a lonely hut with the thermometer registering fifty below zero; he makes frequent trips of hundreds of miles, visiting the sick, baptizing the dying, teaching catechism to the little ones, combating the superstition of the Indian Medicine Man, eating the most unpalatable food, and suffering untold hardships; yet through it all he is ever bright, cheerful and hopeful. "Many careless Catholics were won back to the practice of their religion, and many non-Catholics learned to love the Church in first loving her saintly and untiring apostle. "Any priest who wishes to foster vocations in his parish would do well to present this book to some of his boys."

—*The Catholic World*.

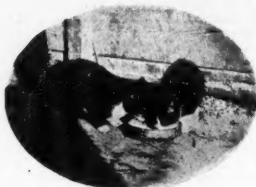
293 pp. 16 illustrations. Olive cloth, stamped in green.

Regular Price, \$1.00

Address: THE FIELD AFAR OFFICE, MARYKNOLL, OSSINING, N. Y.

YOU CAN TALK FOR US — IF YOU WILL —

## Gratitude and Thanks.



Our share of the spoils.

## YOUR STATE AND OTHERS.

State	Gift.	New Subscribers.
Alabama	\$	1
Arkansas		1
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Florida		1
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Indiana	8.50	10
Iowa		2
Kansas	4.00	
Kentucky	25.00	3
Louisiana	25.79	44
Maine	20.75	
Maryland	41.09	274
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Ohio	305.88	370
Oklahoma	1.00	1
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Pennsylvania	658.72	62
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South Dakota	20.00	198
Tennessee		2
Texas	12.00	2
Virginia	7.50	
Washington	19.60	1
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Wisconsin	†1,032.00	154
Wyoming	5.00	

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Cuba		1
China		2
Ireland		2
Japan		3

TOTAL OF NEW SUBSCRIBERS 11,183

## MARYKNOLL LAND

(Original Purchase.)

May be "purchased" at one cent a foot. Buy by the hundred.

Total area	4,450,000
"Sold" to date	3,075,176
Yours to secure—for Maryknoll	1,374,824

## VENARD LAND

This land is being "sold" at one-half-a-cent a foot.

Total area	6,000,000
"Sold" to date	1,556,162
Yours to secure—for The Venard	4,443,838

Special cards are designed for those who would "purchase" land at Maryknoll or The Venard. Send for one of each.

† \$1,000.00 annuity.

Thanks to several friends, the Maryknoll Sisters leaving for the mission were supplied with a good library of spiritual books.

A California friend sends a gift in thanksgiving to her patrons, Our Lady, St. Joseph and St. Anthony. She requests this announcement.

The Stone and Brick call which we megaphoned last made a good record. It brought a net return of

**Stones for the Seminary . \$8,354.84**  
**Bricks for the Venard . \$4,572.66**

Then when the echoes died down we stepped to the camp opening and gave the second and last call. Stones and bricks are still coming in our direction, and we like the sensation.

Thanks to our students' summer propaganda, and thanks especially to the cooperation of bishops and pastors who kindly waved THE FIELD AFAR at their flocks, that paper of ours actually climbed to the mark:

### One Hundred Thousand Subscribers!

and, between you and our recording department, that figure would now be half again, and perhaps twice as much, if we could have brought to life all the dead ones, who have passed out of our tin boxes since 1907, the historic year in which the little FIELD AFAR was born. But why expect the impossible?

Did you get passage for the missionaries? The question is a good one, and at this writing we can almost say yes. The passage gifts came through thirty individual contributors and two Circles, the amounts varying from one to one thousand dollars. The Maryknoll Superior came in, as usual, at the tail-end. Everybody seems to think he needs nothing because he signs checks, but while occasionally he enjoys the benefits as well as

## CURRENT APPEALS.

Seminary Foundation (Reserved for priests)	\$9,683.54
Stones in Seminary Wall	8,354.84
Memorial Rooms in New Seminary	7,390.25
Bricks in Venard College Wall	4,572.66
Outfit and Passage of Missioners	1,789.74

## SPECIAL FUNDS.

The Funds recorded below have been carefully invested so that the interest shall be applied regularly to the needs as designated.

Maryknoll Propaganda Fund	\$5,000.00
Our Daily Bread Fund	1,380.08
Altar Wine Fund	202.00
Sanctuary Candle Fund	204.00
Sanctuary Oil Fund	233.55

## STUDENT AID FOUNDATIONS.

A Student Aid Foundation represents \$1,000, the interest on which will supply the personal expenses of one student each year, at Maryknoll or Maryknoll's Preparatory College, The Venard.

## MARYKNOLL STUDENT AID

Fall River Diocese Fund (Incomplete)	\$950.69
Our Lady of Perpetual Help Fund (Incomplete)	164.98

## VENARD STUDENT AID

Venard Circles Fund, No. 1	\$1,000.00
Venard Circles Fund, No. 2	1,000.00
Venard Circles Fund, No. 3	1,000.00
Venard Circles Fund, No. 4	1,000.00
Venard Circles Fund, No. 5	790.88

Schools at home are related to souls abroad.

## MARYKNOLL MISSION GIFTS.

Babies	\$101.00
Orphanage	10.00
Catechists	197.00
Missioners' Needs	175.00
Native Seminarists	50.00
St. Patrick's Church and Statue	51.00
"Stringless"	55.50

## MARYKNOLL MISSION FOUNDATIONS

A native clergy and competent native catechists are the bases of successful and enduring effort in Catholic mission work.

\$1500 placed at interest will enable our missioners to keep one Chinese aspirant to the priesthood at a seminary in China.

\$4000 placed at interest will provide for the support of one catechist (usually a married man with family) whose entire time will be devoted to the slow and tedious process of instructing the candidates for baptism.

Additions to the uncompleted burses and funds in the list below are invited.

## NATIVE CLERGY BURSES.

Our Lady of Perpetual Help Burse	\$1,500.00
Our Lady of Lourdes Burse	601.00
St. Vincent de Paul Burse (Reserved)	500.00
Maryknoll Academia Burse	255.00

## NATIVE CATECHIST FUNDS.

Abp. Williams Fund, I	\$4,000.00
Abp. Williams Fund, II	4,000.00
Abp. Williams Fund, III	4,000.00
Abp. Williams Fund, IV	4,000.00
Abp. Williams Fund, V	4,000.00
Yungkong Fund, I	4,000.00
Yungkong Fund, II	1,181.65
Abp. Williams Fund, VI	1,000.00
Fr. Price Memorial Fund	546.60
Bl. Julia Bilhart Fund	180.00

## OTHER MISSION FUNDS.

Missioners' Books	\$442.00
Circles' Missioner-Support Fund	378.75

BETTER THAN WE CAN TALK FOR OURSELVES.



## STUDENT BURSES.

A Burse is a sum of money invested and drawing enough interest always to provide board, lodging, and education for one aspirant apostle at the Maryknoll Seminary or Maryknoll's Preparatory College, The Venard. Each student beneficiary is instructed to pray for his benefactor.

The usual burse is five thousand dollars. If the student's personal needs are included, the amount is six thousand. We will welcome additions to any five thousand dollar burse in the list below.

## SEMINARY BURSES—Complete.

Father B. Burse.....	\$76,273.31
C. W. B. L. Burse.....	6,000.00
Holy Trinity Burse.....	6,000.00
John L. Boland Burse.....	6,000.00
Bishop Cusack Memorial Burse, Albany Diocese.....	6,000.00
St. Columba Burse.....	6,000.00
Mother Catherine Spalding Burse..	6,000.00
Bl. Julia Billiard Burse.....	5,582.31
St. Stephen Burse.....	5,453.00
Abp. John J. Williams Burse.....	\$5,279.21
Holy Ghost Burse.....	5,146.10
St. Teresa Burse.....	\$5,142.27
Sacred Heart Burse, No. II.....	5,134.93
St. Joseph Burse.....	5,103.63
St. Vincent de Paul Burse.....	5,066.76
Our Lady of Mercy Burse.....	5,046.00
O. L. of Miraculous Medal Burse.....	5,002.00
Cardinal Farley Burse.....	5,000.00
Sacred Heart Memorial Burse.....	5,000.00
Blessed Sacrament Burse.....	5,000.00
St. Willibrord Burse.....	\$5,000.00
Providence Diocese Burse.....	5,000.00
Fr. Elias Younan Burse.....	5,000.00
Mary Queen of Apostles Burse.....	5,000.00
Our Lady of Perpetual Help Burse.....	5,000.00
Bishop Doran Memorial Burse.....	5,000.00
St. Charles Borromeo Burse.....	\$5,000.00
St. Thomas the Apostle Burse.....	5,000.00
St. Catherine of Sienna Burse.....	5,000.00
Rev. Jos. M. Gleeson Burse, I.....	5,000.00
Rev. Jos. M. Gleeson Burse, II.....	5,000.00
Fall River Diocese Burse.....	5,000.00
Thanksgiving Burse, I.....	5,000.00
Thanksgiving Burse, II.....	5,000.00
Annuitant's Memorial Burse.....	5,000.00
Rev. John J. Cullen Memorial Burse.....	5,000.00
Anonymous Burse.....	5,000.00
St. Margaret Mary Burse.....	5,000.00
Mother Theodore Guerin Burse.....	5,000.00
Nackay Memorial Burse.....	5,000.00
Rev. Thomas F. Price Memorial Burse.....	\$5,000.00
Manhattanville Alumnae Association Burse.....	5,000.00
James and Catherine Meehan Burse.....	5,000.00
Thomas T. Farley Memorial Burse.....	5,000.00
Rev. Patr. H. Billings Burse, I.....	5,000.00
Rev. Patr. H. Billings Burse, II.....	5,000.00
Rev. Patr. H. Billings Burse, III.....	5,000.00
Our Lady, Help of Christians, Burse.....	5,000.00
Our Sunday Visitor Burse.....	5,000.00
Osburn and Kane Memorial Burse.....	5,000.00

The name of your patron saint, your diocese, your school, your founder, your society—where is it on the list below?

## SEMINARY BURSES—Incomplete.

Philadelphia Archdiocese Burse.....	\$4,631.59
Pittsburgh Diocese Burse.....	4,247.34
Holy Souls Burse (Reserved).....	4,000.00
Anonymous Diocese Burse.....	4,000.00
All Souls Burse.....	3,909.71
St. Francis of Assisi Burse.....	\$3,721.50
Kate McLaughlin Memorial Burse.....	\$3,500.00
Cure of Ars Burse.....	\$3,482.35
St. Patrick Burse.....	3,447.13
Immaculate Heart of Mary Burse (Reserved).....	3,389.28
Cheverus Centennial School Burse.....	3,216.87
The Most Precious Blood Burse.....	3,160.16
St. Anne Burse.....	3,021.87
Holy Eucharist Burse.....	2,929.50
Bl. Madeleine Sophie Barat Burse.....	2,843.75
Columbus Diocese Burse.....	2,750.00
St. Anthony Burse.....	2,330.37
Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Burse.....	\$2,068.89

the inconvenience of a railroad pass, usually he has to pay his way like the rest of us, and he has no private bank account.

"Reserve the New Seminary Tower for the Students of America," writes a youth of fine enthusiasm—and before we could say "wait a minute" he sent twenty-five dollars to secure his desire.

It would indeed be a splendid accomplishment, and we shall be pleased to get some opinions on the idea.

Perhaps history may yet record of the Maryknoll Seminary:

Foundation Stones were supplied  
by ..... Priests,  
Rooms by ..... Special Benefactors,  
Stones and Superstructure by....  
Thousands of Friends,  
Tower by ..... Students,  
Chapel by ..... ? ? ?

A prelate long interested in the Maryknoll Sisters, writing to one whom he had known as a child and who is now on the ocean crossing to China, said:

Your letter came to me to-day. "Dominus sit tecum in via" was the prayer that came to my lips as I read the glad news of your selection for the beginning of God's work in China by American women. You have great cause to rejoice that it has come to you, by the grace of God, to be a pioneer sister in this portion of the Lord's vineyard. Pioneers must needs be of the best since they, indeed, are tried as if by fire. I know that with God's help you will not fail under any test and that you will be an efficient servant of God and a worthy first-born of Maryknoll. We shall not fail you with our prayers and offered sacrifices.

Of course we are all proud of you and feel that your willing, gladsome spirit of sacrifice will richly bless our parish. We rejoice that out of — has come one who is among the first to go to the fields afar to teach the heathen what American women can do for Christ.

I think I read something in the last FIELD AFAR which sounded like a call to the slackers at home to pay the traveling expenses of the Sisters who would go forth soon to battle for Christ. I'll stand sponsor and purveyor for my valiant ex-secretary from the time she leaves Maryknoll until she

Marywood College Burse.....	1,939.10
Fr. Chapon Memorial Burse.....	1,894.35
Trinity Wehanduit Burse.....	1,851.23
Holy Child Burse.....	1,744.14
Pius X Burse.....	1,717.25
St. Dominic Burse.....	1,645.07
Bl. Louise de Marillac Burse.....	1,450.24
Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Burse.....	1,172.48
Dunwoodie Seminary Burse.....	1,391.91
Bernadette of Lourdes Burse.....	1,347.26
Duluth Diocese Burse.....	1,206.20
Omnia per Mariam Burse.....	1,110.00
Fr. Chaminade Memorial Burse.....	1,073.33
College of Mt. St. Vincent Burse.....	1,000.00
Margaret Agnes Ellis Memorial Burse.....	1,000.00
Mother Seton Burse.....	972.00
St. John the Baptist Burse.....	947.33
St. John Seminary, Archdiocese of Boston, Burse.....	800.00
St. Agnes Burse.....	668.81
St. Lawrence Burse.....	640.25
Susan Emery Memorial Burse.....	582.90
St. Rita Burse.....	571.15
St. Michael Burse.....	538.75
St. Francis Xavier Burse.....	421.28
St. Joan of Arc Burse.....	419.01
St. Mary Pauline (Academy of St. Elizabeth) Burse.....	419.00
Immaculate Conception, Patron of America, Burse.....	387.50
Our Lady of Lourdes Burse.....	378.52
Holy Family Burse.....	322.00
College of St. Elizabeth Burse.....	300.00
St. La Salle Burse.....	240.85
Children of Mary Burse.....	230.25
St. Bridget Burse.....	216.00
St. Boniface Burse.....	206.40
Our Lady of Victory Burse.....	173.16
All Saints Burse.....	135.28
Maryknoll-in-Heaven Burse.....	126.50
The Holy Name Burse.....	119.00

A Burse Card is designed to gather twenty offerings of five cents each. Shall we send you some cards for your favorite Burse?

## VENARD BURSES—Complete.

Blessed Sacrament Burse.....	\$5,072.00
Rev. Jos. M. Gleeson Burse, I.....	5,000.00
Rev. Jos. M. Gleeson Burse, II.....	5,000.00
Rev. Jos. M. Gleeson Burse, III.....	5,000.00
E. J. and E. G. Connerion Burse.....	5,000.00
"Our Sunday Visitor" Burse.....	\$5,000.00

## VENARD BURSES—Incomplete.

St. Michael Burse (Reserved).....	\$4,000.00
Little Flower Burse.....	3,825.77
Sacred Heart of Jesus Burse (Re- served).....	3,500.00
Bl. Theophane Venard Burse.....	1,575.80
Sodality of Bl. Virgin Mary Burse.....	1,000.00
St. Aloysius Burse.....	601.50
"C" Burse, II.....	700.00
Immaculate Conception Burse.....	102.00

Any burse or share in a burse may be donated in memory of the deceased.  
A new burse may be entered on the list when it has reached \$100.

IN your charity remember the souls of:

Rev. James T. Ward	Frank Thatcher
Rev. Raymond Payne	James E. Trely
Rev. T. J. Pyl	Rose Kenney
Rev. Richard Hughes	Theresa Kenney
Mother A. C. Hoban	A. Boutin
Sr. M. Benigna	James Waters
Sr. M. of St. Gabriel	John McMahon
Mrs. Marie Donovan	Daniel Donohue
David T. Marantille	Thomas Healy
Mrs. D. O'Connell	Mrs. Albert Remy
Jacob A. Karst, Jr.	Gladys Anderson
Miriam J. Wilson	Christ Duenisch
Edward M. McCoughlin	Mr. Ruane
Josephine Beassmith	James D. Arthur
Harry J. Hoyle	Mrs. J. J. Nash
Mrs. Richard Sheehan	Mrs. Egan
Katharyn Pakenham	John Tully
	Thomas Donnelly

† On hand, but not available, as at present interest goes to the donor.

PLEASE

NOTICE.

OUR

ADVERTISEMENTS.

arrives at her mission-station in China,—if she does not travel too “de luxe” for a pastor of a poor parish. And if she does travel all “de luxe,” I’ll stand by her just the same! Now she is in bondage, the sweet slavery of Christ’s service, and she has neither scrip nor purse.

As I shall have to “hit up” my friends, please send me a copy of THE FIELD AFAR with the traveling “hit up” in it, in order that I may know approximately how much I shall have to beg, borrow or steal for the “flight into China.” Or better still, write me yourself, in no modest terms, what Father Superior has fixed for your itinerary. I wish I could also make some arrangement for your support in China. Perhaps in time I can. *Deus providebit.*

### Costs and Charges.

#### It Costs

At least three hundred dollars a year to house, feed and educate a student for Maryknoll.

#### The Charges

(a) for a student at the Preparatory College are two hundred and fifty dollars a year—a loss assumed by Maryknoll.

On special recommendations from priests who know the family, generous reductions are allowed and occasionally the entire charge is cancelled. In this way last year Maryknoll bore ten thousand dollars of the student-expense at our Preparatory College.

(b) At the Seminary, Maryknoll assumes practically all expense except those for personal needs and travel to or from home.

It will be readily seen why Maryknoll seeks more burses for its College and Seminary; also why the support of a student at either place is a very welcome method of cooperation.

A parish in Alabama will take upon itself the support of a young student destined for the missions. The student has been selected and has expressed his gratitude.

The pastor, Fr. Eaton of St. Mary’s Church, Mobile, has graciously written to Maryknoll:

Our kiddies will feel wonderfully big in being privileged to act as universal



bricks will fit into the scheme to your complete satisfaction. Send for a Brick Card. Address: The Maryknoll Preparatory College, Clark’s Summit, Pa.

*A single brick is not an attractive proposition unless it is a gold one, but brick upon brick, with a fine design ordering the whole, can delight the eye. This is what happens at The Venard, and your*

mother to one of your Venard boys. A few lines from him will stampede the school here. May we adopt him? Would you please let me know what the full yearly pension of a Venarder is?

### Stray Mission Notes.

A DISTRICT in Kansu, one of the most western provinces of China, has been given over to the Society of the Divine Word. The population of this district runs from ten to fourteen million. As the Society has its American branch we may soon record American missionaries in Kansu.

The Rockefeller Foundation is beginning to find something of value in Catholic institutions, and as a result a few have already received subsidies from that great educational provider.

Interesting are the accompanying lines from an Irish priest in Peking, China:

I am very glad you are of the opinion that some good can be got out of the Rockefeller Foundation. It would indeed be a great pity if that money, largely supplied by the American Government and people, could not be utilized in any way by American Catholic missionaries.

Mr. Roger Greene, the secretary in charge, is a very courteous gentleman. We get a sick call from time to time to their hospital, which is in our district.

Several hundred missionaries receive THE FIELD AFAR and they have been receiving it for many years.

This is made possible for some through the kindness of benefactors, but for the larger number THE

#### WANTED

##### For Maryknoll-in-Los Angeles—

- 2 new missals (Pustet).
- 2 requiem missals.
- 1 censor and boat.
- 1 ostensorium and lunette.
- 2 ciboria (4" diameter).
- 1 set of each color dalmatics.
- Black, red, green, violet copes,
- and red, green, violet humeral veils.

##### For Maryknoll-in-Scranton—

- Dictionary stand.
- Candlesticks.
- Small safe.
- Billiard and pool table.

#### NEW PERPETUALS.

**Living:**—Rev. friends 2; Sr. M. E. G.; H. B.; M. S.; M. G.; Mrs. A. M.; E. M. B.; Mrs. K. W.; A. W. M.; Mr. and Mrs. S. M.; J. H.; Mrs. E. P. G. family; A. H.; E. L.; Mrs. M. D.; C. S.; Mrs. M. L. L.; J. D. W.; Mrs. E. E. W.; Mrs. R. K.; J. C.; T. G.; E. G.; M. E. G.; T. G.; J. M. G.; R. G.; M. B. R.; F. E.; A. R.; M. E. McS.; F. B.; B. O’N.; J. A. L. family; Mrs. M. B.; A. D. G.

**Deceased:**—Catherine Conley; Michael Burns; Thomas Burns; James Fletcher, Sr.; Mary A. Fletcher; James R. Fletcher; Amelia Robischung and family; Mrs. E. P. Gallagher family; James P. Pryor; Thomas Roland; Thomas Roland, Jr.; John Roland; Honora Roland; Hannah Roland; John Conley; Anna Conley; Mrs. Mary J. Carroll; Mary McLoughlin; Margaret Magner; James Langton; Holy Souls; John Kane; Ellen Kane; Bernard F. Kane; James Donahue.

Membership in the Catholic Foreign Mission Society may be secured for one year by the payment of fifty cents.

Such membership, with its many spiritual helps, is applicable to the living or the dead.

SEND OUR CIRCULATION UP BY ONE!

**TO MARYKNOLL VISITORS—**  
When you arrive at Ossining, ask for  
**GARLAND**  
**TAXI-SERVICE TO THE SEMINARY**  
**OR ST. TERESA'S**  
Reasonable and prompt. All trains met.  
Garage opposite the station.  
Telephone Nos.—Ossining 594, Ossining 882

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**First-Class Work. Prompt Service.**

The Maryknoll Mite-Box seeks  
only the crumbs from your table or  
the mite of sacrifice. Send for one  
today and place it where it may ef-  
fectively plead the mission cause  
during Lent.

FIELD AFAR itself bears the cost.

While the beneficiaries offer a  
Mass once a year for the welfare  
of Maryknoll the following letter  
from a Mill Hill missionary is typi-  
cal of many which we receive, and  
it may inspire some to stand  
sponsor for the subscription of  
one or more missionaries.

Every time I receive your spirited  
FIELD AFAR, I feel dejected in spirit.  
Will there be a black hand on the last  
page? No danger sign, but the actual  
breaking off, snapping off the train of  
happy thoughts occasioned by reading  
your monthly. The last page is the  
first I look at. I often wonder who the  
kind donor is—is it you or someone  
else asked by you? How long this will  
go on, it is hard to tell for me, perhaps  
you know. Whoever the donor, I am  
deeply grateful and I have no mind at  
all to forget him in my prayers.

The saintly Bishop of Hako-  
date, Japan, has had many a trial  
during his episcopate, not the  
least of which has been the constant  
pinch of poverty in his northern  
mission.

And now at the close of a letter  
which Bishop Berlioz has written  
on another subject to the Superior  
of Maryknoll we read:

On the 14th of last month, at 6:15  
a. m., I started out for Sendai to or-  
dain Miss S——'s protegee, a pious  
young Japanese, to subdiaconship.

I arrived at Hakodate that evening at  
9:15, and as I left the steamer I learned  
that a conflagration, which was still  
raging, had destroyed three thousand  
houses, among which were my cathed-  
ral, our residence, and the sisters' con-  
vent. Poor human nature made it hard  
to overcome my emotion, but this trial  
is a new link binding me to my mission  
and I have a burning desire to raise the  
cathedral from its ruins. A great  
pagoda built in cement and very near  
our residence was saved, and our build-  
ings would also have escaped had they  
been similarly constructed, but you  
know why we must build in wood. You  
have your hands full, but perhaps you  
can find some benefactors.

✠A. Berlioz, Bishop of Hakodate.

There are Catholics in this coun-  
try who could gladden the heart  
of Bishop Berlioz, but we can  
count on a couple of fingers the  
gifts that have come to Maryknoll  
from such, and we would advise,  
therefore, an appeal to the many.  
But the Bishop cannot reach the  
many.

A well known business man said  
recently to a Maryknoller:  
"That paper of yours should at-  
tract some high-class advertising."

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#### MRS. GHOST

A correspondent of the *China Mail*, Hongkong, writing from the city of Yangchow gives the following example of a spiritualistic experience in China that quite rivals some that are recorded nearer home:

An unusual wedding procession was witnessed last Sunday by thousands of interested spectators. The bride's chair, instead of being decked in the conventional red, was draped in green satin, and the accompanying procession comprised all the accoutrements of an old official funeral. The "bride," a daughter of a once prominent official, had been engaged from infancy to a scion of another official house, who died several months ago. After his death, the soul of the young man appeared repeatedly to his promised bride, urging that she must go to her mother-in-law's house as if he were alive, and become the wife of his *kuei* (spirit). Her family, warned by these apparitions, reluctantly consented to her going, and amid many tears the procession of sorrow instead of joy made its way to her future home. The wedding ceremonies of obeisance to ancestors and friends were performed by her beside the coffin of the bridegroom in a temple. No longer looked upon as a girl, she has the anomalous position of being the unmarried widow of a man and the wife of his spirit.

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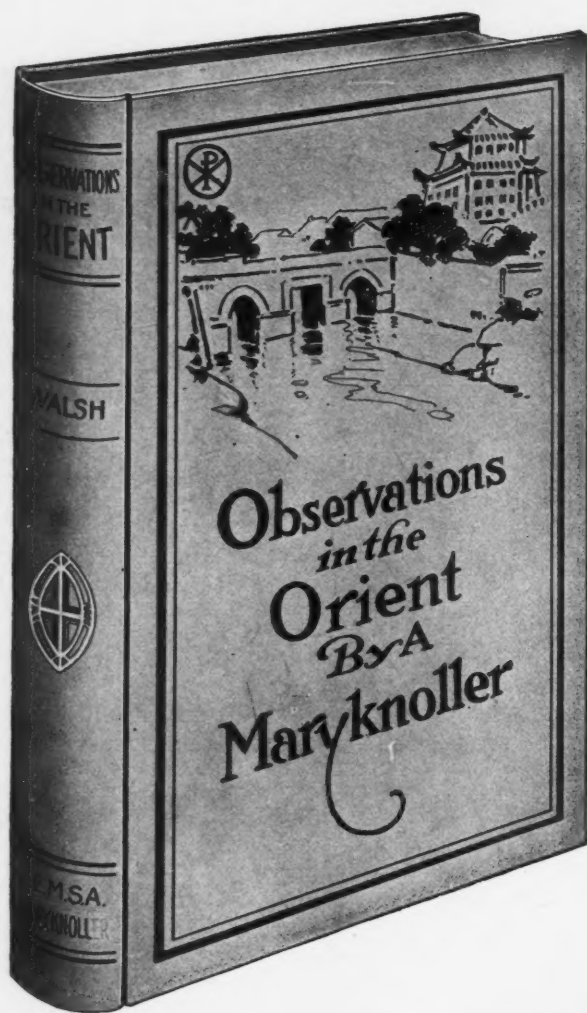
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—Yule M. Chen, Chinese student, Columbia University.

To the many tributes already printed in this column we add a brief word of commendation from the Foreign Mission Society of England, St. Joseph's at Mill Hill:

"So much has been written in praise of Fr. Walsh's book . . . that there are scarcely any laudatory words that have not already been applied to it. If you wish to read of the mission fields in the Celestial Empire, and to have plenty of laughter with your reading, get a copy of 'Observations in the Orient'!"

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